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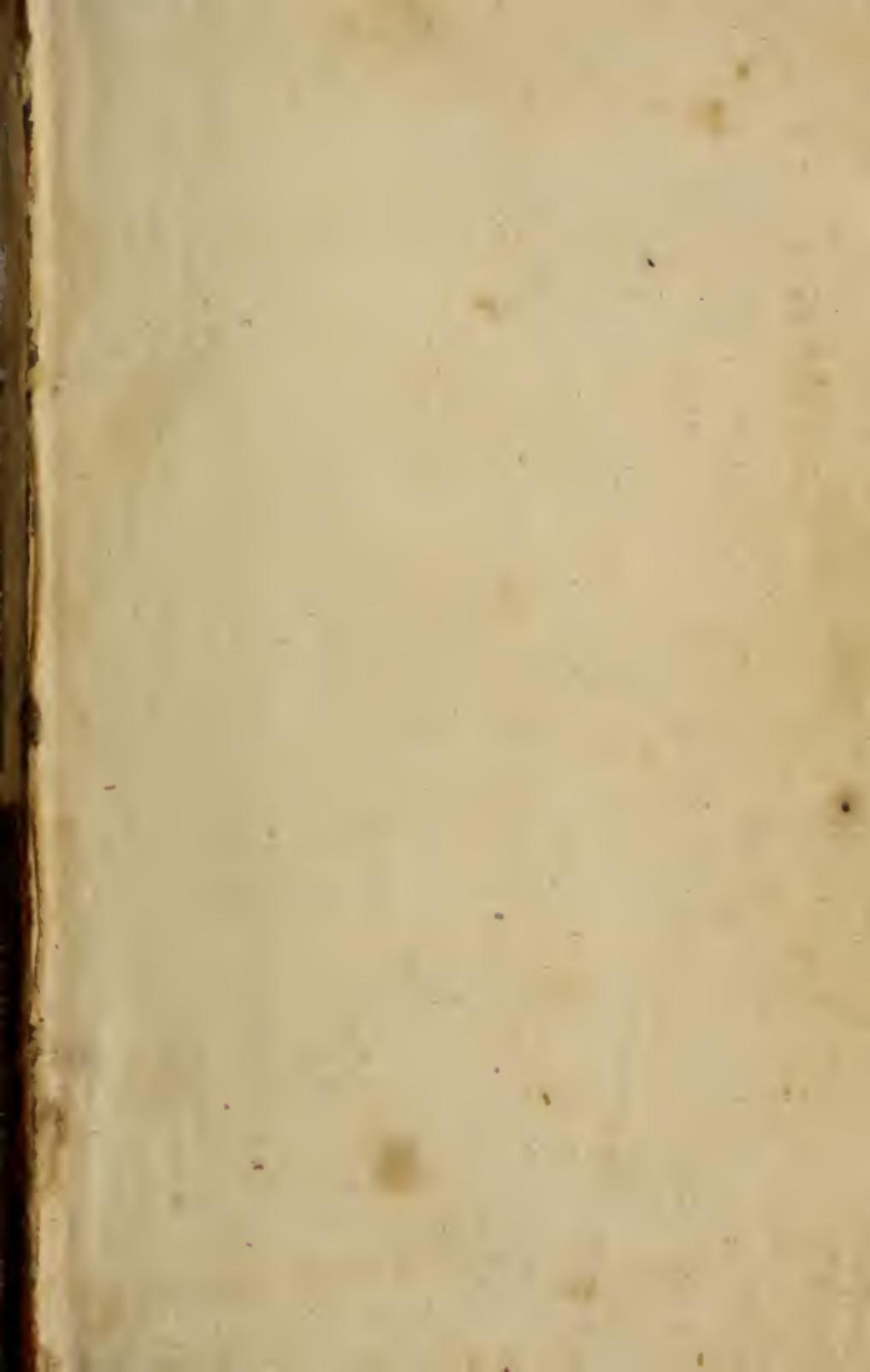
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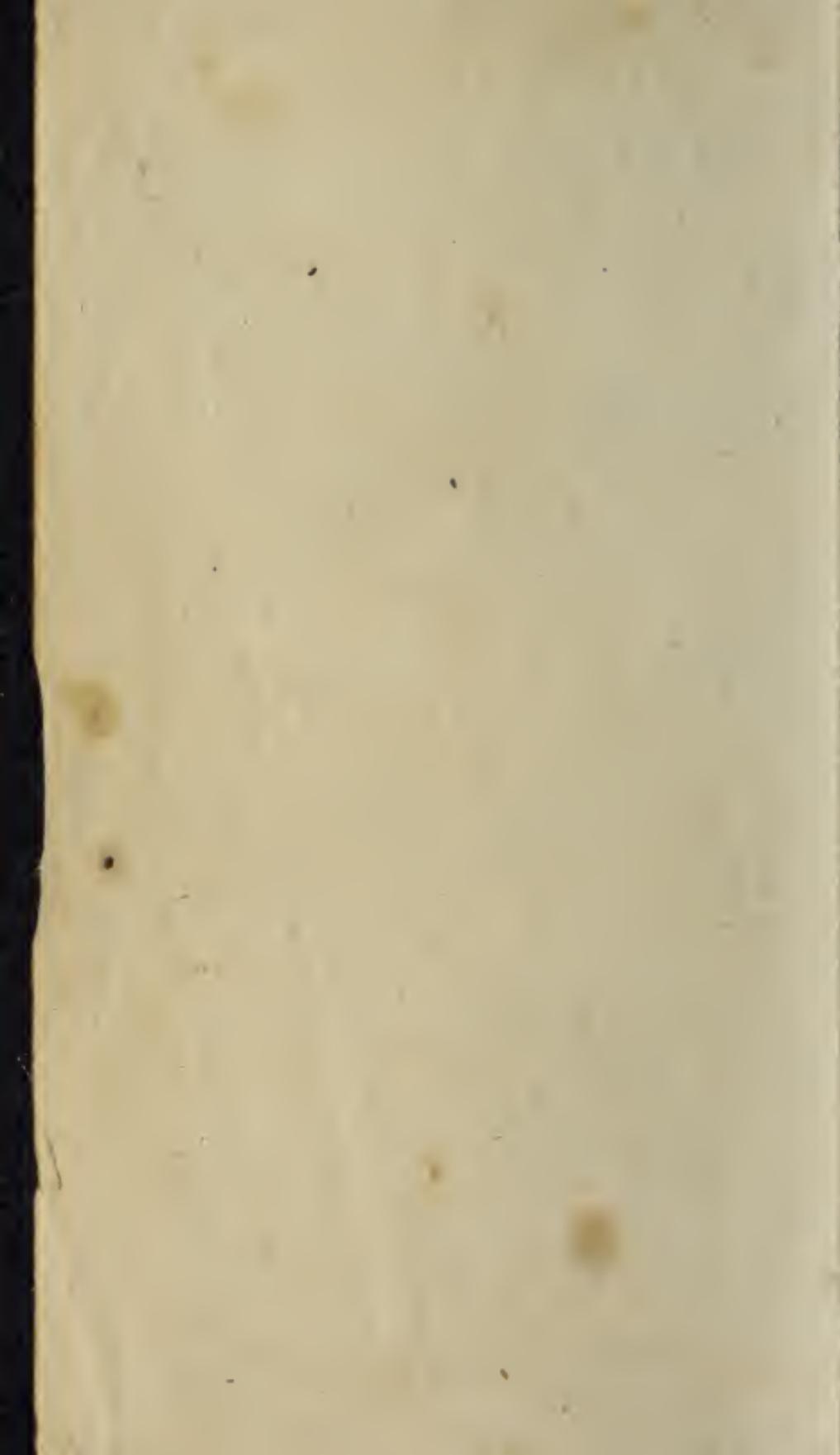
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HYMNS  
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BY THOMAS KELLY.

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FOURTH EDITION,  
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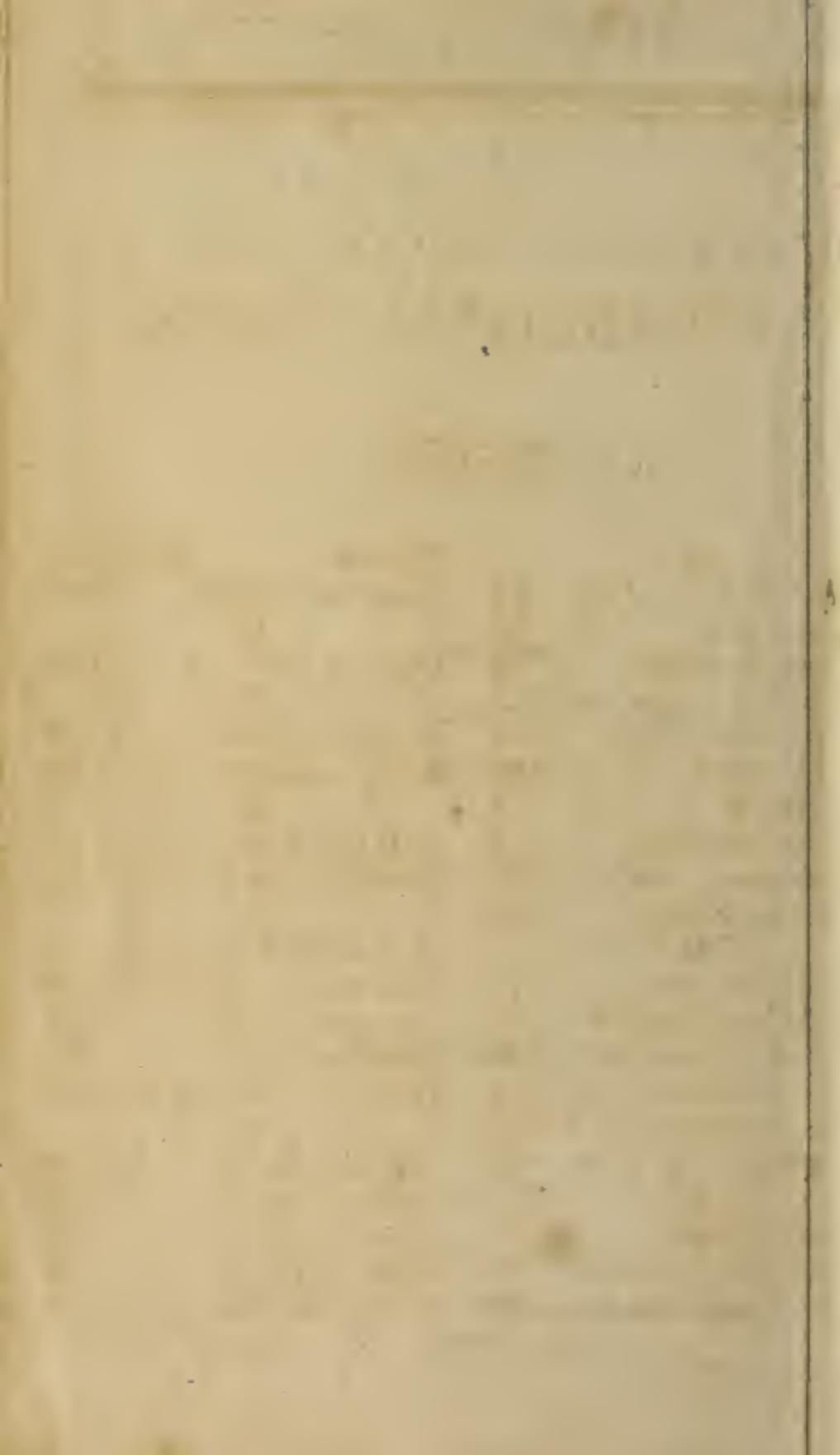
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# H Y M N S.

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## CRUCIFIXION.

### HYMN I.

“  *Himself he cannot save.*”      MAT. xxvii. 42.

“ **HIMSELF** he cannot save.”

Insulting foe, 'tis true :

The words a gracious meaning have,

Tho' meant in scorn by you.

2 “  *Himself he cannot save.*”

This is his highest praise.

**Himself** for others' sake he gave,

And suffers in their place.

3 It were an easy part

For him the cross to fly ;

But love to sinners fill'd his heart;

And made him choose to die.

4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,

The deep mysterious cause,

Why he, who all the world upholds,

Hangs upon yonder cross.

5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,  
And worldly wisdom mock :  
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,  
And Christ himself my Rock.

6 I leave the world for this :  
Let others share its toys ;  
I envy not their fancied bliss ;  
The cross yields purer joys.

## HYMN II.

*"Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. Isa. liii. 4*

" STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,"  
See him dying on the tree !  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected !  
Yes, my soul, 'tis he ! 'tis he !  
'Tis the long expected prophet,  
David's son, yet David's Lord ;  
Proofs I see sufficient of it :  
'Tis a true and faithful word.

2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like his ?  
Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,  
Foes insulting his distress.  
Many hands were rais'd to wound him,  
None would interpose to save ;  
But the awful stroke that found him,  
Was the stroke that justice gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great ;  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.

Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
 See *who* bears the awful load !  
 'Tis the WORD, the LORD's ANOINTED,  
 Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation :  
 Here's the refuge of the lost :  
 Christ's the rock of our salvation :  
 His the name of which we boast :  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !  
 None shall ever be confounded  
 Who on him their hope have built.

### HYMN III.

*He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter." Isa. liii. 7.*

AS a lamb led forth to slaughter,  
 Jesus on his way proceeds :  
 See, his foes are fill'd with laughter,  
 While the patient victim bleeds.  
 Jesus dies, by man abhor'd,  
 Jesus, chosen of the Lord.

2 Jesus died in love to others :  
 Greater love hath none than this :  
 Love of kindred, love of mothers,  
 Feeble is compar'd to his :  
 Who can tell its breadth and length ?  
 Who, its depth, its height, its strength ?

3 Come, my soul, look here and wonder,  
 Here's a sight to cause surprize :  
 Well the rocks might cleave asunder ;  
 Well might darkness veil the skies :

'Twas the voice of Nature then ;  
Nature's voice reproving men.

4 Nature's voice, again reproving;  
Would be heard should I not speak :  
None has greater cause for loving  
Him who came the lost to seek :  
Yet my love, how cold it is ?  
O how diff'rent mine from his !

5 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st thy servant,  
Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide :  
Make his love more pure and fervent :  
Let him at thy feet abide.  
Thine the tribute of his praise :  
Thine the remnant of his days.

#### HYMN IV.

*“ So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.”* MAT. xxvii. 66.

GO, and seal the sepulchre,  
Make it sure, for much depends,  
Jesus living did aver,  
He would rise, and meet his friends.

2 Hell its utmost aid will give ;  
Go, and hold the pris'ner fast.  
Satan knows that should he live,  
Long his kingdom cannot last.

3 O, ye vain and foolish men,  
What tho' earth and hell combine,  
Jesus will revive again ;  
Death his pris'ner must resign.

4 Lo, th' appointed hour is come !  
 All suspense for ever ends,  
 Jesus lives, and leaves the tomb ;  
 See, he stands among his friends !

5 When he meets their wond'ring eyes,  
 Whom he call'd, and made his own ;  
 Many doubts at first arise ;  
 But the Lord dispels them soon.

6 Happy they who have not seen,  
 Yet believe the record true :  
 They shall see the Saviour reign,  
 They shall share his glory too.

### HYMN V.

*Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken !”*

LUKE xxiv. 25.

O FOOLS, and backward to receive  
 What God by all his prophets said !  
 That Christ a suffering life should live,  
 And then be number'd with the dead.

2 Why are ye pensive thus, and sad ?  
 Why like to men astonish'd flee ?  
 Why now resign the hopes you had,  
 That Jesus shou'd the Saviour be ?

3 Go, search the prophets and the law,  
 And find the true Messiah there :  
 Then meditate on all ye saw :  
 So shall the joyful truth appear.

4 But see, he comes ! the very same  
 Who lately hung on yonder tree.  
 Ye can no more resist his claim ;  
 Behold his wounds ! 'tis he, 'tis he.

5 Till the appointed hour arriv'd,  
 He lay a pris'ner in the grave,  
 (Death cou'd no more,) he then reviv'd,  
 And now he lives, and lives to save.

6 All hail, victorious Lord, all hail !  
 Thy people's life ! thy people's joy !  
 Thy love to them shall never fail ;  
 Thy praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

## HYMN VI.

*“ He is not here, for he is risen as he said.”*

MAT. xxviii. 6.

HE'S gone ! see where his body lay,  
 A pris'ner till th' appointed day,  
 Releas'd from prison then :  
 “ Why seek the living with the dead ? ”  
 Remember what the Saviour said,  
 That he should rise again.

2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour !  
 When Jesus, by Almighty pow'r,  
 Reviv'd, and left the grave.  
 In all his works behold him great !  
 Before, almighty to create !  
 Almighty now to save.

3 “ The first-begotten from the dead,”  
 Behold him ris'n, his peopl's head !  
 To make their life secure.

They too, like him, shall yield their breath,  
 Like him—shall burst the bands of death :  
 Their resurrection sure.

4 Why should his people now be sad ?

None have such reason to be glad,  
 As reconcil'd to God.

Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives :  
 To them eternal life he gives :  
 The purchase of his blood.

5 Why shou'd his people fear the grave ?

Since Jesus will their spirits save,  
 And raise their bodies too :

What tho' this earthly house shall fail ?

Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,  
 And build it up anew.

6 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,

And in your Master's work abound,  
 Stedfast, immoveable :

Be sure your labour's not in vain :

Your bodies shall be raised again,  
 No more corruptible.

### HYMN VII.

“ *A little while, and ye shall not see me, and again, a little while, and ye shall see me.*” JOHN xvi. 16.

THO' foes should triumph in his death,

And friends should mourn and fear,

Yet Jesus will resume his breath,

And in the world appear :

His friends shall then confess his claim,

And all his foes be fill'd with shame.

2 The name of Jesus shall be borne  
 To lands involv'd in night :  
 And, like the rising of the morn,  
 Shall bring the welcome light :  
 Tho' now a pris'ner with the dead,  
 His name throughout the world shall spread.

3 Hail, mighty Lord, a conqu'ror thou !  
 With this peculiar boast ;  
 That then thine honours brightest grow,  
 When men despise them most :  
 And death, that boasts his myriads slain,  
 Appears a captive in thy train.

**THE DAY OF CHRIST.**

**HYMN VIII.**

*“ And what I say unto you, I say unto all—watch.”*  
 MARK xiii. 37.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake and watch,  
 The bridegroom may be near ;  
 How awful—should the summons catch  
 His people slumb'ring here ?

2 They who are ready to attend  
 The Lord when he appears,  
 With him to glory shall ascend :  
 Eternal life is theirs.

3 With him they shall sit down, and feast  
 On heav'n's unbounded store ;  
 Enjoy an everlasting rest,  
 And never hunger more.

When once the chamber door shall close,  
 Be sure beyond a doubt,  
 No further hope remains for those  
 Who then are found without.

Awake, and be ye like to those  
 Who wait their Lord's return :  
 Awake, nor yield to that repose  
 Whose end it is to mourn.

### HYMN IX.

*"To wait for his son from heaven."* 1 THES. i. 10.

TO wait for that important day,  
 When Jesus will his pow'r display,  
 Be this my one great care :  
 To do his will, my business here ;  
 No toil to shun, no danger fear ;  
 Resolv'd his cross to share.

2 Should men pronounce me fool, and say ;  
 I never need expect the day,  
 And all the fools who do ;  
 Their word I never can receive,  
 For well I know whom I believe ;  
 I know his word is true.

3 Tho' he should still prolong his stay,  
 And sinners mock at the delay,  
 His people need not fear.

The man who wore the crown and thorns,  
 Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,  
 In glory will appear.

4 Bright angels shall attend their king,  
And heav'n with acclamations ring,  
When Jesus comes with clouds :  
Methinks I see the dazzling train :  
It seems to fill yon azure plain  
With heav'ns exulting crowds.

5 Transported with the glorious sight,  
My soul prepares her wings for flight,  
Resigning all below.  
But ah ! the charm is quickly past,  
She feels a chain that holds her fast,  
Nor suffers her to go.

6 Be patient then, my soul, and rest,  
Be sure the Saviour's time is best,  
And cannot be too late :  
Rejoice in hope, the day will come  
When Jesus will convey thee home :  
Till then in patience wait.

## HYMN X.

*“ And the angel which I saw lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever—That there should be time no longer.”*

REV. x. 5, 6.

LOUD thunders shake the earth and sky,  
And lightnings flash from pole to pole :  
Methinks I hear the angel cry,  
(How awful to the guilty soul,)“ The mystery of God is o'er ;  
“ 'Tis done ! there shall be time no more.”

The Lord appears ! before his face  
 An all-consuming fire destroys ;  
 The worldling's glory sinks apace,  
 With all that pleases or employs :  
 But man survives the gen'ral doom,  
 Man destin'd to a life to come.

Ah ! sinner, living without God,  
 What shame will fill thee on that day ?  
 How can'st thou bear the iron rod ?  
 How stand—when nature flees away ?  
 Creation now an awful void !  
 Thy hopes, thy prospects all destroy'd !

O may we all be found that day,  
 With those whom Jesus will confess !  
 When heav'n and earth shall flee away,  
 The Lord will yield us happiness :  
 New heav'ns and earth he then will make,  
 And bless them for his people's sake.

Sweet prospect of unfading joys !  
 My soul anticipates the day ;  
 And leaving to the world its toys,  
 To Christ my Lord would haste away ;  
 With him for ever to remain,  
 And share the glories of his reign.

### HYMN XI.

*“ But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed.”* ISAIAH lxvi. 6.

FROM far I see the glorious day,  
 When he who bore our sins away,  
 Will all his majesty display.

2 "A man of sorrows" once he was ;  
No friend was found to plead his cause,  
For all preferr'd the world's applause.

3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load :  
For in the sinner's place he stood,  
And died to bring him back to God.

4 But now he reigns with glory crown'd,  
While angel-hosts his throne surround,  
And still his lofty praises sound.

5 To few on earth his praise is dear :  
And they who in his cause appear,  
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

6 But yet there is a day to come,  
When he will seal the sinner's doom,  
And take his mourning people home !

7 Jesus, thy name is all my boast ;  
And tho' by waves of trouble tost,  
Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

8 Come then, come quickly from above,  
My soul, impatient, longs to prove  
The depths of everlasting love.

## HYMN XII.

*“ And said to the mountains and rocks fall on us, &c.”*  
REV. vi. 16.

“ FALL, ye rocks, and fall, ye mountains,  
“ Hide, O hide us by your fall !  
“ Wrath is pour’d from all its fountains :  
“ God is come, the judge of all.”  
Thus will sinners  
On the rocks and mountains call.

2 But can rocks or mountains hide them,  
When the mighty God appears !  
Refuge will be then denied them,  
Spite of wishes, sighs and tears.

Then the sinner  
Goes where hope no creature cheers.

3 They who witness’d Sinai’s thunders,  
Fled with terror and dismay :  
Who then can abide the wonders  
Of that great and awful day ?  
When the Saviour  
Comes his glory to display !

4 God will then for ever banish  
All the wicked from his sight :  
Then delusive hope will vanish ;  
Dreams of joy be put to flight ;  
And the sinner  
Sink into eternal night.

5 Sinners hear, for O there's reason ;  
 When shall wisdom guide you, when ?  
 Think of the approaching season  
 When the Lord will plead with men ;  
 Hear, O hear him !  
 So shall ye be blessed then.

### HYMN XIII.

*“ Behold, the Lord cometh !” JUDE 14.*

WHAT were Sinai's awful wonders,  
 To the wonders of that day ?  
 When a voice, like many thunders,  
 Shall be heard from heav'n to say  
 Come to judgment !  
 Lo, the judge is on his way.

2 Lo, he comes ! the Lord from heaven ;  
 He who bore the cross below :  
 All the pow'r to him is given,  
 He appears in glory now ;  
 Great his glory !  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 See, the nations all assembling,  
 Stand before the Saviour's throne :  
 Thousands at his presence trembling :  
 Hope extinguish'd, pleasure gone :  
 Calling, seeking  
 For relief, and finding none.

4 But his people, they who knew him,  
 And on earth his name confess'd,  
 These the Saviour welcomes to him ;  
 These he makes supremely blest :  
 Sweet their portion !  
 Theirs an everlasting rest.

## HYMN XIV.

*“ Surely I come quickly !”*      REV. xxii. 20.

WHAT a grand and awful sight !  
 Jesus comes with all his saints.  
 Nothing eye has seen so bright :  
 Nothing equal fancy paints :  
 Jesus comes from heav'n to judge the nations :  
 Object of the people's expectations.

2 Great the change from what was here :  
 They who were despis'd on earth,  
 Now the sons of God appear ;  
 Subjects of a heav'ly birth :  
 Yes, the Lord his people now confesses :  
 And how blest are they whom Jesus blesses ?

3 Rich their portion, high their place :  
 Full their cup of blessing is :  
 Now they see the Saviour's face :  
 All is theirs since they are his :  
 In his favour ev'ry good possessing ;  
 All enjoying in the Saviour's blessing.

4 Henceforth they shall never be  
 Separate from him they love :  
 All his glory they shall see ;  
 All his goodness they shall prove :  
 Their's a treasure never, never wasting :  
 Life is theirs, and glory everlasting.

**STATE OF BLESSEDNESS.**

**HYMN XV.**

*“ I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.”*  
 PSALM xvii. 15.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,  
 The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint !  
 When mix'd with heav'n's triumphant throng,  
 He shares their bliss, and swells their song.

2 He feels no pain, he feels no want,  
 His portion all that God can grant :  
 To see the Saviour as he is,  
 And dwell in heav'n with him and his.

3 No darkness now obscures his mind ;  
 The darkness all is left behind :  
 And objects lately half conceal'd,  
 In full resplendence stand reveal'd.

4 His love, so cold, so mix'd before,  
 In heav'n is cold and mix'd no more ;  
 It gains the region whence it came,  
 And lives a pure eternal flame.

He dwells exempt from all alarm ;  
 No world is there to fright or charm ;  
 No foes to plot against his peace ;  
 No sin to give their schemes success.

O may I reach that blest abode,  
 Where saints obtain their rest in God !  
 For this let every conflict here,  
 As nothing in my sight appear.

*STATE OF WRATH.*

**HYMN XVI.**

“ *Where their worm dieth not.*” MARK ix. 44.

WHENCE come those loud and mournful cries,  
 That speak a mind bereft of joy ?  
 They come from him who yonder lies,  
 Where flames devour, but can’t destroy.

2 I wonder not that he should fill  
 The world with loud incessant cries :  
 He feels no joy, nor ever will :  
 His foe the worm that never dies.

3 One drop of water ! one ! he cries :  
 Unhappy wretch ! what woe is thine ?  
 While Justice with a frown replies,  
 “ It cannot be—the pris’ner’s mine ! ”

4 Beholding such a sight as this,  
 Let things eternal be my care :  
 And never may my case be his,  
 Whom God abandons to despair.

5 I'll keep in view the sinner's friend,  
 Whose arms I see extended wide :  
 At sight of him, my terrors end ;  
 His merit all my guilt will hide.

**CHRIST A KING.**

**HYMN XVII.**

“ *Hail, King of the Jews.*” JOHN xix. 3.

JESUS, we hail thee Isra'l's king !  
 And now to thee our tribute bring ;  
 Nor do we fear to bow the knee :  
 They worship God, who worship *thee*.

2 Hail Isra'l's king, enthron'd in light ?  
 Whose glory never shone more bright—  
 Than when, by trembling friends betray'd,  
 Thy foes insulting homage paid.

3 Then did admiring angels see—  
 Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee ;  
 With emphasis pronounc'd thee *good* ;  
 And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

4 An object of contempt beneath,  
 And judg'd by men to suffer death ;  
 By angel's own'd—admir'd—ador'd :  
 The great—the everlasting Lord !

5 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign !  
 Thy cause throughout the world maintain.  
 Let Isra'l's King his triumphs spread !  
 And crowns of glory wreath the head !

## CHRIST A HIGH PRIEST.

## HYMN XVIII.

*“Having an High-priest over the house of God.”*  
HEB. x. 21.

TH' atoning work is done :  
The victim's blood is shed :  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead :  
He stands in heav'n their great High-priest,  
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkles with his blood  
The mercy-seat above :  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love :  
But justice now objects no more :  
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,  
His place of service is :  
In heav'n itself he stands :  
An heav'nly Priesthood his.  
In him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And tho' a while he be  
Hid from the eyes of men :  
His people look to see  
Their great High-priest again :  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

## CHRIST A PROPHET.

## HYMN XIX.

*“Him shall ye hear.”* ACTS vii. 37.

GREAT Prophet of the ransom'd church,  
Command the light to shine.  
For stores of wisdom let us search :  
Thy word the sacred mine.

- 2 Jesus, great oracle of truth,  
O may we learn of thee :  
Receive true wisdom from thy mouth,  
And live from error free.
- 3 Of future things content to know  
As much as thou hast taught :  
Not idly curious here below,  
In things that profit not.
- 4 One great event by thee foretold;  
Teach us to keep in view :—  
Thy coming!—when we shall behold,  
And share thy glory too.
- 5 Till then let all thy people here  
Walk with increasing light ;  
And when thy glory shall appear,  
Welcome the joyful sight.

## HYMN XX.

*This is of a truth, that prophet which should come into the world."*                            JOHN vi. 14.

' THIS is of a truth the Prophet'"  
 Promis'd to the church of old :  
 Proofs I see sufficient of it ;  
 Jesus is that one foretold :  
 He whom all are call'd to hear ;  
 He whom all are bound to fear.

All who hear him not shall perish ;  
 'Tis the purpose of the Lord :  
 Vain the hope that many cherish,  
 While unmindful of his word :  
 One decree there is for all ;  
 They who hear him not must fall.

Glorious Prophet, long expected,  
 Come to bless the church at last ;  
 May we go by thee directed,  
 Till our pilgrimage is past !  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Dwell eternally with thee.

## HYMN XXI.

*The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."*                            JOHN x. 10.

SHEPHERD of the chosen number ;  
 They are safe whom thou dost keep :  
 Other shepherds faint and slumber,  
 And forget to guard the sheep :  
 Watchful Shepherd !  
 Thou dost wake while others sleep.

2 When the lion came, depending  
On his strength, to seize his prey ;  
Thou wast there, the sheep defending,  
And did'st then thy pow'r display :  
    Mighty Shepherd !  
Thou did'st turn the foe away.

3 When the Shepherd's life was needful  
To redceme the sheep from death,  
Of their safety ever heedful,  
Thou for them did'st yield thy breath.  
Faithful Shepherd !  
Love like thine no other hath.

## HYMN XXII.

*"And ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."* 2 COR. vi. 10.

**THERE** is a family on earth,  
Whose father fills a throne!  
But tho' a seed of heav'nly birth,  
To men they're little known.

2 Whene'er they meet the public eye,  
They feel the public scorn ;  
For men their fairest claims deny,  
And count them basely born.

3 But 'tis the King who reigns above  
That claims them for his own ;  
The favour'd objects of his love,  
And destin'd to a throne.

4 The honours that belong to them,  
By *men* are set at nought ;  
Whatever shines not *they* contemn :  
Unworthy of a thought !

5 But ah, how little they reflect !  
For mark th' unerring word !  
“ That which with men has most respect,  
“ Is odious to the Lord.”

6 Were honours evident to sense,  
Their portion here below ;  
The world would do them reverence,  
And all their claims allow.

7 But when the King himself was here,  
His claims were set at nought :  
Would *they* another lot prefer ?  
Rejected be the thought !

8 No ! they will tread, while here below,  
The path their master trod ;  
Content all honour to forego,  
But that which comes from God.

9 And when the King again appears,  
He'll vindicate their claim ;  
Eternal honour shall be theirs ;  
Their foes be fill'd with shame.

## HYMN XXIII.

“ *The portion of Jacob is not like them.—The Lord of hosts is his name.*”

JER. x. 36.

“ JACOB’s portion is the Lord.”  
 What can Jacob more require?  
 What can heaven more afford?  
 Or a creature more desire?

2 “ Jacob shall not now wax pale,”  
 His is sure a pleasant lot ;  
 Jacob’s portion cannot fail ;  
 ’Tis the Lord who changes not.

3 Jacob need not look to earth,  
 Since his portion is the Lord :  
 Worldly care and worldly mirth,  
 With his choice would ill accord.

4 Others may their gods display,  
 Tell what pleasures they afford :  
 Jacob smiles at all they say :  
 “ Jacob’s portion is the Lord.”

5 Heav’n and earth shall flee away,  
 Sinners with their idols fall.  
 Jacob shall survive the day :  
 Jacob’s God is Lord of all.

6 Happy Jacob ! fear not thou !  
 Triumph when the Lord appears ;  
 He who is thy portion now,  
 Will be thine thro’ endless years.

## HYMN XXIV.

“ *By whom shall Jacob arise?*”      AMOS vii. 2.

“ **BY** whom shall Jacob now arise?”

For Jacob’s friends are few :

And, (what should fill us with surprise,)

They seem divided too.

2 “ **By** whom shall Jacob now arise?”

For Jacob’s foes are strong.

I read their triumph in their eyes,

They think he’ll fail e’er long.

3 “ **By** whom shall Jacob now arise?”

Can any tell by whom ?

Say, shall this branch that wither’d lies,

Again revive and bloom ?

4 Lord thou canst tell—the work is thine,

The help of man is vain.

On Jacob now arise and shine,

And he shall live again.

## HYMN XXV.

“ *For the house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great.*”      2 CHRON. ii. 9.

BEHOLD the temple of the Lord !

The work of God, by man abhor’d ;

Appearing fair and splendid ;

It lifts its head in spite of foes ;

And though a hostile world oppose,

The work will yet be ended.

2 A building this, not made with hands :  
 On firm foundations, lo ! it stands,  
 For God himself has laid them :  
 The workmanship of God alone ;  
 The rich materials all his own :  
 'Twas he himself that made them.

3 He builds it for his glory's sake :  
 Its solid frame no force can shake ;  
 However men despise it ;  
 And time, that other works destroys,  
 'Gainst this in vain its pow'r employs,  
 The work of God defies it.

4 From age to age his work goes on :  
 The stones collected one by one :  
 Ere long it will be finish'd :  
 And when he works his grand design,  
 The temple will for ever shine  
 With lustre undiminish'd !

### PRAISE.

#### HYMN XXVI.

*“ O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give  
 praise.”* PSALM cviii. 1.

GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,  
 Sing I will, and sing of thee :  
 Since the cup that justice mixed,  
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me :  
 Great deliv'rer !  
 Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Lute and harp, awake to praise him !  
 All my pow'rs your tribute bring !  
 Tho' no praise can higher raise him,  
 (What can higher raise our King) ?  
 Were I silent,  
 Ev'n the stones would rise and sing.

3 Many were the chains that bound me ;  
 But the Lord has loos'd them all :  
 Arms of mercy now surround me :  
 Favours these, nor few nor small ;  
 Saviour keep me :  
 Keep thy servant lest he fall.

4 Fair the scene that lies before me :  
 Life eternal Jesus gives :  
 While he waves his banner o'er me,  
 Peace and joy my soul receives :  
 Sure his promise !  
 I shall live because he lives.

5 When the world would bid me leave thee,  
 Telling me of shame and loss :  
 Saviour, guard me lest I grieve thee,  
 Lest I cease to love thy cross :  
 This is treasure :  
 All the rest I count but dross.

## HYMN XXVII.

*“ Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.”*  
PSALM cxlii. 2.

COME and let us praise our King !

He is worthy to be prais'd :  
Should his saints refuse to sing,  
How would angels stand amaz'd !  
O exalt the sinner's friend !  
Let his praises never end.

2 There he dwells whom angels sing ;  
Once he bore the cross below ;  
Jesus, heav'n's eternal King,  
Liv'd on earth a man of woe.  
Now he reigns, and reigns above :  
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal king of heav'n !  
Endless praise surrounds thy throne :  
Lamb of God for sinners giv'n,  
“ Thou art worthy,” thou alone :  
Thee we serve, and thee we sing ;  
Jesus, hail, eternal King

## HYMN XXVIII.

*“Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, &c.”*

REV. IV. 11.

ENDLESS praises  
To our Lord !  
Ever be his name ador'd !

2 Angels crown him,  
Crown the Lamb !  
He is worthy—praise his name.

3 Saints adore him,  
Sound his fame,  
You he saves from endless shame.

4 Saints and angels,  
Jointly sing :  
Glory, glory to our King !

## STATE OF BELIEVERS, A WARFARE.

## HYMN XXIX.

*“Fight the good fight of faith.” I TIM. vi. 12.*

CHRISTIANS an arduous fight maintain,  
Nor do they hope or wish for peace,  
Till they their heav'nly mansion gain.  
Then, not before, their conflicts cease.

2 Them, whom they now account as foes,  
 They once without a blush obey'd ;  
 And liv'd in amity with those,  
 Who while they wore a smile betray'd.

3 Nor did they see the chains they wore ;  
 Or, if they saw, felt no alarm.  
 The yoke contentedly they bore,  
 Till God himself dissolv'd the charm.

4 Awaken'd then as from a sleep,  
 And taught from whence their danger rose ;  
 They flew to arms, resolv'd to keep  
 No terms with such deceitful foes.

5 With earth and hell in arms combin'd,  
 And with a heart as false as they,  
 Are saints engaged, nor rest will find,  
 Till they have reach'd the realms of day.

6 The fight unequal seems, 'tis true :  
 It wou'd be so but for *his* grace,  
 Who arms provides, and courage too,  
 With which his saints the foe may face.

7 He who appear'd on David's side  
 When match'd with his gigantic foe,  
 Is still the same, and will provide  
 For all his struggling saints below.

8 And when the last great foe appears  
 He'll find them proof against his pow'r ;  
 For God, *their* God, will quell their fears,  
 And save them in a dying hour.

This conflict past, the work is done,  
They'll see their enemies no more :  
The final victory is won,  
And then they reach the heav'nly shore.

In robes of white they stand array'd,  
The palm's triumphant branch they bear :  
Adorn'd with crowns that never fade,  
Before their King they all appear.

And while they sing before his throne,  
The Lamb, the Lamb inspires their songs,  
Salvation comes from him alone ;  
To him eternal praise belongs.

### HYMN XXX.

*For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, &c.*" EPH. vi. 12.

HARK 'tis a martial sound !  
To arms, ye saints, to arms !  
Your foes are gathering round ;  
And peace has lost its charms.  
Prepare the helmet, sword and shield :  
The trumpet calls you to the field.

No common foes appear  
To dare you to the fight :  
But such as own no fear,  
And glory in their might.  
The pow'rs of darkness are at hand :  
Resist, or bow to their command.

3 An arm of flesh must fail  
 In such a strife as this :  
 He only can prevail,  
 Whose arm immortal is :  
 'Tis heav'n itself the strength must yield ;  
 And weapons fit for such a field.

4 And heav'n supplies them too ;  
 The Lord who never faints  
 Is greater than the foe,  
 And he is with his saints :  
 Thus arm'd they venture to the fight :  
 Thus arm'd they put their foes to flight.

5 And when the conflict's past,  
 On yonder peaceful shore  
 They shall repose at last ;  
 And see their foes no more ;  
 The fruits of victory enjoy ;  
 And never more their arms employ.

## HYMN XXXI.

“ *Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.*”

REV. III 11.

O ISRA'L to thy tents repair !  
 Why thus secure on hostile ground ?  
 Thy King commands thee to beware ;  
 For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain :  
 O Isra'l, gird thee for the fight !  
 Arise, the combat to maintain,  
 And put thine enemies to flight.

Thou should'st not sleep as others do,  
 Awake! be vigilant, be brave!  
 The coward, and the sluggard too,  
 Must wear the fetters of the slave,

A nobler lot is cast for thee :  
 A kingdom 'waits thee in the skies :  
 With such a hope shall Isra'l flee,  
 Or yield thro' weariness the prize ?

No ! let a careless world repose,  
 And slumber on thro' life's short day ;  
 While Isra'l to the conflict goes,  
 And bears the glorious prize away.

### HYMN XXXII.

*“ He that overcometh shall inherit all things.”*  
 REV. xxi. 7.

IF our warfare be laborious,  
 Soon the strife will reach a close :  
 Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious,  
 That from prosp'rous warfare flows :  
 Doubly precious,  
 After labour is repose.

2 Once our choice was peace inglorious :  
 Then we yielded to our foes ;  
 Warfare now the most laborious,  
 Ev'n with all its toils we choose,  
 Glorious warfare !  
 Leading to secure repose.

3 Are there many foes before us,  
 Standing to oppose our way?  
 Yet they shall not overpow'r us:  
 This with boldness we may say:  
 Since Jehovah  
 Keeps his people night and day.

4 Are we blind and prone to error?  
 God vouchsafes to be our guide,  
 Are we faint and full of terror?  
 He himself is on our side.  
 'Tis sufficient:  
 God our Saviour will provide.

5 When thro' him we prove victorious,  
 Then will strife and labour cease:  
 Then our triumph will be glorious:  
 Then his people dwell at ease:  
 And their portion  
 Will be everlasting peace.

*STATE OF BELIEVERS, A VOYAGE.*

**HYMN XXXIII.**

*“ So he brought them unto their desired haven.”*  
 PSALM cvii. 30.

THE christian navigates a sea  
 Where various forms of death appear;  
 Nor skill, alas! nor pow'r has he.  
 Aright his dang'rous course to steer.

Why does he venture then from shore,  
 And dare so many deaths to brave ?  
 Because the land affrights him more,  
 Than all the perils of the wave.

Because he hopes a port to find,  
 Where all his toil will be repaid ;  
 And tho' unskilful, weak and blind,  
 Yet Jesus bids him nothing dread.

But tho' *his* faithful word is giv'n,  
 Who does not change, and cannot lie ;  
 Yet when his bark by storms is driv'n,  
 He doubts, and fears destruction nigh.

Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock  
 Beneath the surface of the wave ;  
 He strikes, but yet survives the shock,  
 For Jesus is at hand to save.

5 But hark, the midnight tempest roars !  
 He seems forsaken and alone :  
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,  
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.

On the smooth surface of the deep,  
 Without a fear he sometimes lies :  
 The danger then is lest he sleep,  
 And ruin seize him by surprise.

3 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,  
 And thinks his toils will soon be o'er ;  
 Expects some favourable breeze  
 Will waft him quickly to the shore.

9 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,  
 And he enjoys the sight no more ;  
 Nor does he now believe it true,  
 That he had ever seen the shore.

10 Tho' fear his heart shou'd overwhelm,  
 He'll reach the port for which he's bound ;  
 For Jesus holds and guides the helm,  
 And safety is where he is found.

11 Methinks I view him now at last  
 Safe anchor'd in the hav'n of joy :  
 He thinks no more of conflicts past :  
 Wonder and love his heart employ.

12 He *wonders* much at all he sees ;  
 He *loves* the author of his bliss ;  
 And cries, ~~and~~ while he the scene surveys,  
 “ O what a glorious land is this ? ”

*A STATE OF TRIAL.*

HYMN XXXIV.

“ *I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.* ”

ZEPH. iii. 12.

“ *POOR and afflicted,* ” Lord, are thine ;  
 Among the great unfit to shine ;  
 But tho' the world may think it strange,  
 They wou'd not with the world exchange.

2 " Poor and afflicted." Yes they are ;  
 They're not exempt from grief and care ;  
 But he who sav'd them by his blood,  
 Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.

3 " Poor and afflicted." 'Tis their lot ;  
 They know it, and they murmur not :  
 'Twould ill become them to refuse  
 The state their master deign'd to chuse.

4 " Poor and afflicted." Yes they sing,  
 For Jesus is their glorious King :  
 " Thro' suff'rings perfect," now he reigns ;  
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 " Poor and afflicted." But ere long  
 They'll join the bright, celestial throng ;  
 Their suff'rings then will reach a close,  
 And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way,  
 They're often heard to sigh and say ;  
 " Dear Saviour, come; O quickly come !  
 " And take thy mourning pilgrims home." ,

## HYMN XXXV,

" *Thy blessing is upon thy people.*" PSALM iii. 8.

LORD, if thy people suffer grief,  
 Yet are their comforts great ;  
 Nor are they left without relief ;  
*Thy time is never late.*

2 If, when affliction's waves run high,  
 Deliv'rance should be slow,  
 Thy purpose is, their faith to try,  
 And make their patience grow.

3 In sorrow's sev'nfold furnace tried,  
 This thought may yield them joy :  
 Thou, Lord, art walking by their side,  
 Nor can the fire destroy.

4 Yea, ev'n the flame's destructive pow'r,  
 Directed, Lord, by thee ;  
 Shall nothing but their bands devour,  
 And leave their bodies free.

5 All this I know. But in the hour  
 Of trial, then I faint ;  
 And feel that nothing but thy pow'r  
 Can keep me from complaint.

6 Howe'er a mother loves her own ;  
 I know, beyond a doubt,  
 Her love by thine is far outdone ;  
 Thy love that changes not.

7 Whatever light in man may shine,  
 And guide a father's care :  
 'Tis but a shadow, Lord, of thine :  
 Thy wisdom cannot err.

8 Of this convinc'd, I would "Be still,  
 " And know that thou art God ;"  
 Would give up my rebellious will,  
 And kiss thy chast'ning rod.

9 O teach thy worm, whate'er his state,  
 Therewith to be content ;  
 Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,  
 And leave to thee th' event.

*A STATE OF JOYFUL HOPE.*

HYMN XXXVI.

“ *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*”  
 REV. vii. 17.

1 YE saints, whose tears now often flow,  
 (And will while you are here below,) Rejoice that in a few short years,  
 Your God will wipe away your tears.

2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,  
 And ev'ry cause of sorrow cease :  
 The purest joys will fill your hearts :  
 Such joys as God himself imparts.

3 When landed on the heav'nly shore,  
 You'll see your enemies no more :  
 The limit of their pow'r is such,  
 That sacred place they cannot touch.

4 “ An evil heart of unbelief,”  
 Will then no more occasion grief ;  
 And base desires of flesh and mind  
 For ever will be left behind.

5 The world, or lov'd or fear'd before,  
Can charm or threaten then no more ;  
And Satan baffled in his schemes,  
Retires indignant, and blasphemers.

6 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day,  
To wipe his people's tears away !  
Their toils and griefs and conflicts past,  
He'll bring them to himself at last.

7 O ! happy state, where purest joy  
For ever reigns without alloy !  
O ! happy saints, ordain'd to prove  
The fulness of this joy above !

### HYMN XXXVII.

*“ For from the top of the rocks I behold him.”*  
NUMB. xxiii. 9.

METHINKS I stand upon the rock  
Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring look  
Upon the scene below ;  
The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;  
The people happy I esteem,  
Whom God has favour'd so.

2 The sons of Isra'l stand alone,  
JEHOVAH claims them for his own ;  
His cause and their's the same :  
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand ;  
Allots to them a pleasant land,  
And calls them by his name.

3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,  
And soon they're destin'd to repose

Within the promis'd land,

Ev'n now its rising hills are seen,

Enrich'd with everlasting green,

Where Isra'l soon shall stand.

4 O ! Isra'l, who is like to thee ?

A people sav'd, and call'd to be

Peculiar to the Lord !

Thy shield ! he guards thee from the foe ;

Thy sword ! he fights thy battles too ;

Himself thy great reward !

5 Fear not, tho' many should oppose,

For God is stronger than thy foes,

And makes thy cause his own :

The promis'd land before thee lies,

Go, and possess the glorious prize,

Reserv'd for thee alone.

6 In glory there the King appears,

He wipes away his people's tears,

And makes their sorrows cease :

From toil and strife they there repose,

And dwell secure from all their foes,

In everlasting peace.

7 Fair emblem of a better rest,

Of which believers are possest,

Beyond material space !

Methinks I see the heav'nly shore,

Where sin and sorrow are no more ;

And long to reach the place.

8 Nor shall I always absent be  
 From him my soul desires to see,  
     Within the realms of light :  
 Ere long my Lord will rend the veil :  
 And not a cloud shall then conceal  
     His glory from my sight.

9 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;  
 It makes a freeman of the slave,  
     And bids the sluggard rise.  
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;  
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly  
     To mansions in the skies.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

*“ They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom.”*  
 PSALM cxlv. 11.

SUBJECTS of the King of heaven,  
 We can talk on glorious themes :  
 Happy they to whom 'tis given  
     To despise the worldling's dreams !  
 Subject of the King of Kings,  
 We can speak of real things.

2 Of his kingdom, and its glory,  
 Let us speak since we are his :  
 Mighty kingdoms fam'd in story,  
     Nothing are compar'd to this.  
 All that makes a kingdom great,  
 Here alone is found to meet.

3 Other thrones, however splendid,  
 Yield to time's destructive pow'r :  
 Human glory soon is ended ;  
 God appoints its final hour ;  
 But the throne at which we bow,  
 Time can never overthrow.

4 While the kingdoms round us vanish,  
 (What that's human can endure ?)  
 Ev'ry sad reflection banish :  
 God has made *his* kingdom sure.  
 Other thrones may shake and fall,  
 But *his* throne survives them all.

5 Good it is for us and pleasant,  
 To converse on themes like these.  
 When with God his saints are present,  
 Then they see him as he is.  
 Till that day we'll talk of him :  
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.

### HYMN XXXIX.

*“ Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.”*  
 1 PET. ii. 7.

WE'LL speak of Christ, no matter who  
 Should disapprove the theme :  
 When he is precious in our view,  
 We can't but speak of him.

2 And he is precious in the sight  
 Of all who know his voice ;  
 'Twas he that brought them to the light,  
 And taught them to rejoice.

3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,  
 And guards them by his pow'r :  
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
 In ev'ry trying hour.

4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,  
 Beyond the reach of ill :  
 Where all the ransom'd people come ,  
 Where saints for ever dwell.

5 Let glory wreath his blessed head ,  
 Who once was crown'd with thorns ;  
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed ;  
 Whom man reviles and scorns.

6 And let his people make their boast  
 Of him , and him alone ,  
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost :  
 The praise be his alone .

## HYMN XL.

*“ I have set the Lord always before me.”*  
 PSALM xvi. 8.

O ! HOW many subjects draw us  
 From that sweet, that sacred theme ,  
 Of his love, who when he saw us  
 In our sins, and far from him ,  
 Form'd a wond'rous plan to save ,  
 And himself for sinners gave !

2 Were the Saviour, as he should be,  
 Always set before our eyes,  
 This would never be, nor could be :  
 Other themes he should despise.  
 What our hearts desire and seek,  
 'Tis of that we love to speak.

3 Saviour, let thy great salvation  
 Be the theme of our delight :  
 Subject of our meditation,  
 Till our faith shall end in sight :  
 Till before thee we appear,  
 And behold thy glory near.

## HYMN XLI.

*“What do ye more than others?”* MAT. v. 47.

AND do we hope to be with him  
 Who on the cross resign'd his breath ?  
 Who died a victim, to redeem  
 His people from eternal death.

2 Then should the question oft recur,  
 What do we more than others do ?  
 How do we shew that we prefer  
 The things above to those below ?

3 Where is that holy walk that suits  
 The name and character we bear ?  
 And where are seen those heav'nly fruits  
 That shew we're not what once we were ?

4 Allied to him who bore the cross,  
 And call'd the people of the Lord :  
 The world to us should seem but loss ;  
 And worthless all it can afford.

5 As pilgrims on their journey home,  
 'Tis thus the people should be found ;  
 Who seek a city yet to come ;  
 And cannot rest on earthly ground.

6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth :  
 'Tis thus they glorify their Lord :  
 To others they resign the earth,  
 And hasten to their bright reward.

*THE GOSPEL.*

*HYMN XLII.*

*“ Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.”*  
 PSALM lxxxix. 15.

SWEET sounds of grace are heard abroad ;  
 The sinner is surpriz'd and charm'd :  
 He feels the conqu'ring pow'r of God ;  
 He feels it, and is straight disarm'd.

2 Till now to vain desires a prey ;  
 Nor peace nor pleasure could he find :  
 But see, old things are past away !  
 New objects occupy his mind.

3 A Saviour's love, a Saviour's death,  
 (Fit themes for sinful man to hear,)  
 Not heard before, or not in faith,  
 Now captivate his list'ning ear.

4 The world no longer keeps his heart :  
 His chains dissolve before the cross :  
 His choice is now the better part ;  
 And former gain appears but loss.

5 'Tis thus the gospel wins its way :  
 It brings good tidings to the poor .  
 The sinner who has nought to pay ,  
 Is welcome to its richest store .

### HYMN XLIII.

*“ Sinners, of whom I am chief.”* 1 TIM. i. 15.

THE gospel comes with welcome news  
 To sinners lost like me :  
 Their various schemes let others choose ;  
 Saviour, I come to thee !

2 Of sinners sure I am the chief ,  
 But grace is rich and free .  
 This welcome truth affords relief  
 To sinners, ev'n to me .

3 Of merit now let others speak ,  
 But merit I have none ;  
 For merit 'tis in vain to seek :  
 I'm sav'd by grace alone .

4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;  
 'Tis grace that holds me fast :  
 Grace will complete the work begun ,  
 And save me to the last .

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
 What God has done for me ;  
 And celebrate redeeming grace,  
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN XLIV.

*“ I will sing of mercy.”*      PSALM ci. 1.

I HEAR a sound that comes from far :  
 It fills my soul with joy and love ;  
 Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,  
 That echo thro' the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,  
 From Calvary it sounds abroad ;  
 It soothes my soul and calms my fear :  
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly  
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;  
 And rather choose with fools to die,  
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?

4 Alas, for those ! The day is near,  
 When mercy will be heard no more :  
 Then will they ask in vain to hear  
 The voice they would not hear before.

5 With such I own, I once appear'd,  
 But now I know how great their loss ;  
 For sweeter sounds were never heard  
 Than mercy utters from the cross.

6 But let me not forget to own  
 That if I differ ought from those,  
 'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,  
 That oft selects its proudest foes.

*ADDRESSES TO UNBELIEVERS.*

**HYMN XLV.**

*“ Doth not wisdom cry ?”* PROV. viii. 1.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken :  
 'Tis the God that reigns on high :  
 He whose law the world has broken,  
 Sends you tidings of great joy !  
 Hear his message ;  
 Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

2 'Tis of Jesus, God's own equal,  
 Blessed ere the world began :  
 Sinners mark th' important sequel :  
 Cloth'd in flesh, he died for man.  
 'Tis the gospel  
 Brings to light love's gracious plan.

3 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it ;  
 Joyful news from heav'n it brings.  
 Here's a fountain, O draw near it !  
 Open'd by the King of Kings.  
 Living water  
 Thence in streams eternal springs.

4 Hear the gospel, slaves of pleasure,  
 Here are joys that never end :  
 Ye whose god is earthly treasure,  
 Why for nought your labour spend.  
 Boundless riches !  
 See in Christ the sinner's friend.

5 Ye who with the wise are number'd,  
 Here may learn what wisdom is.  
 All by worldly cares encumber'd,  
 Come and find your rest in this :  
 'Tis the gospel  
 Shews the road to heav'nly peace.

6 Sinners, hear, why will ye perish ?  
 Death to life O why prefer ?  
 Why your vain delusions cherish ?  
 Why from truth persist to err ?  
 Wisdom calls you,  
 Happy they who learn of her.

## HYMN LXVI.

*“ When the poor and needy seek water, I the Lord will hear them.”*      ISAIAH xli. 17.

SINNERS, come, tho' poor and needy,  
 Jesus will relieve the poor :  
 He declares, “ All things are ready,”  
 And what Jesus says is sure.  
 O believe him !  
 Take of mercy's boundless store.

2 Hear how God himself beseeches :  
 " Sinners be ye reconcil'd ."  
 Jesus in the gospel teaches  
 How a foe becomes a child :  
 When he suffer'd,  
 Love prevail'd and justice smil'd.

3 See his sacred body broken !  
 Broken on th' accursed tree :  
 Hear the words the Lord has spoken,  
 " Sinners live, beholding me,"  
 Hopeless sinner,  
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.

4 Should you slight his great salvation :  
 Can you stand when he appears ;  
 When the judge shall take his station,  
 What will then avail your tears ?  
 Seek, O seek him !  
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

### HYMN XLVII.

" *Why will ye die?*"      EZEK. xviii. 31.

SINNER, wilt thou still go on ?  
 Fear'st thou not eternal death ?  
 Think how ev'ry hope is gone,  
 When the sinner yields his breath.

2 Did some earthly int'rest call,  
 Would'st thou, could'st thou careless be ?  
 Think of thine eternal all !  
 Sinner, what's the world to thee ?

3 Can the world remove thy sin ?  
 Can it set thy conscience free ?  
 Can it give thee peace within ?  
 Sinner, what's the world to thee ?

4 Why ! ah why provoke the Lord ?  
 Is thine arm omnipotent ?  
 Why despise his gracious word ?  
 Why upon destruction bent ?

5 Canst thou still of sin make light ?  
 Nor suppose the danger great ?  
 See the cross ! for there's a sight  
 Well explains thy awful state.

6 See the Lamb of God in pain !  
 Pain like his has never been :  
 This, in language clear and plain,  
 Speaks the true desert of sin.

7 But while justice gives the wound,  
 Mercy's voice is heard to say,  
 " See the ransom I have found !  
 Jesus is the living way."

8 Sinner, here is hope for thee ;  
 Jesus bore the sinner's shame .  
 This is thy sufficient plea :  
 Life is in his saving name.

## HYMN XLVIII.

*“But when thou makest a feast call the poor.”*  
LUKE xiv. 13.

THE King has made a feast  
Where choice with plenty vies ;  
'Tis furnish'd with the best  
His rich domain supplies,  
Its varied store  
Is for the poor.

Then haste, ye poor, and come away,  
The King invites ! why now delay ?

2 Why should the poor refuse  
A banquet spread for them ?  
Deride the joyful news ;  
The proffer'd good contemn ?  
'Tis madness all,  
To slight the call.  
Then haste, &c.

3 This King is Lord of all,  
And Jesus is his name ;  
If you neglect his call  
Your portion will be shame.  
But they are bless'd  
Who share his feast.

Then haste, ye poor, and come away ;  
'Tis JESUS calls, why now delay ?

## HYMN XLIX.

*“ What will ye do in the day of visitation ?”*  
EZEK.

SINNERS living without God  
Hear the voice of sov’reign mercy :  
Else expect to feel the rod,  
In the day of controversy :  
When the Saviour comes again,  
Comes from heav’n to plead with men.

2 Tho’ conceal’d from mortals now,  
JESUS will appear in glory :  
God pronounces all below,  
Fading, vain, and transitory :  
All we see at last shall fall,  
Destin’d to destruction all.

3 Why then fight with God above ?  
Why persist your hearts to harden ?  
O be wise, nor slight his love.  
While the gospel speaks of pardon :  
Pardon thro’ a Saviour’s blood :  
Pardon freely giv’n of God.

## HYMN L.

*“ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters*  
&c. ISAIAH IV.

ADAM’s ruin’d sons and daughters,  
Hear the voice of God and live !  
Come ye, come ye to the waters,  
Come for God will freely give ;

Here the spring of life is found ;  
Streams of mercy here abound.

2 Why your substance vainly spending  
To procure what is not food ?  
To the Saviour's voice attending,  
You will find substantial good :  
Jesus is the Saviour giv'n :  
Jesus is the bread from heav'n.

3 Hear the Saviour, O ye thoughtless !  
They who hear him not, must fall :  
Will ye trust your schemes as faultless,  
While the Lord condemns them all ?  
O be wise, and hear the Lord !  
Fight no more against his word.

### HYMN LI.

‘ *Ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.*’’ ACTS ii. 23.

SEE the Saviour ; sinners slew him :  
Yet for sinners he was slain :  
Sinners now are welcome to him :  
Such compose the Saviour's train :  
Sinners ransom'd by his blood :  
Sinners reconcil'd to God.

2 See the holy victim suff'ring :  
Sinners here's a sight for you :  
Here's an all-sufficient off'ring :  
O believe the record true !  
See the Lamb, for sinners slain :  
Ev'ry other hope is vain.

3 'Tis a true and joyful saying :  
 Jesus came to save the lost :  
 Grace and truth at once displaying :  
 God the Saviour, true and just.  
 Sinners, hear his gracious voice :  
 In his saving work rejoice.

## HYMN LII.

" *But now commandeth all men every where to repent*  
 &c. ACTS xvii. 3

WHAT a day of awful terror,  
 When the Saviour shall appear !  
 Ye who led away by error,  
 See no danger, own no fear,  
 O bethink you !  
 Now to wisdom's voice give ear.

2 Simple ones, tho' oft admonish'd,  
 Still pass on—no fear have they :  
 But they learn at length when punish'd,  
 What it is to go astray.  
 Awful lesson !  
 They can never find the way.

3 See the fatal end of scorning  
 The reproof by wisdom sent :  
 O be wise, and take the warning ;  
 'Tis a voice in mercy meant.  
 Be admonish'd,  
 God commands you to repent.

Grace and justice meet together  
 In the Saviour's work of Love :  
 Whither will you fly, ah whither,  
 When he cometh from above.  
 Should you slight him ;  
 Should his counsel fruitless prove ?

## HYMN LIII.

*And thou shalt speak and say, a Syrian ready to perish was my father," &c. DEUT. xxvi. 5.*

READY to perish," Lord we lay,  
 And only for destruction meet :  
 Yet unconcern'd we seem'd to say,  
 " Digrace is pleasant, ruin sweet."

Foolish in mind, deprav'd in will,  
 The vilest, basest slaves were we ;  
 And such we had continu'd still,  
 Had not thy mercy set us free.

Yes, Lord, we'll tell what thou hast done ;  
 And if we boast, we'll boast in thee :  
 Thine arm the victory has won,  
 For none were greater foes than we.

A light surpris'd us on the way,  
 When flying we were found of thee :  
 Thus, Lord, may all thy people say,  
 But none with greater truth than we.

5 And tho' we have no perfect rest,  
     'Till we attain our place above ;  
 Yet *here* we count thy people bless'd,  
     As favour'd objects of thy love.

6 Ev'n here, from Canaan's fertile fields,  
     Some earnest of the fruits we share ;  
 And if the taste such pleasure yields,  
     How sweet to be for ever there !

7 Lord let the years roll swiftly on,  
     That we may take our place above,  
 May *there* proclaim what thou hast done,  
     And sing thine everlasting love.

#### HYMN LIV.

“ *When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,  
     we were like them that dream.* ” PSALM CXXVI. 1.

WHEN Jesus broke the chains that bound me,  
     I hardly could believe it true !  
 All nature seem'd to smile around me,  
     And brightest prospects cheer'd my view.

2 It seem'd like some enchanting vision,  
     That charms a while but cannot last :  
 And much I fear'd some sad transition ;  
     Some change that all my hopes would blast.

3 But when my doubts and fears had vanish'd,  
     I felt a joy unknown before :  
 Like one restor'd who had been banish'd,  
     Restor'd to leave his home no more.

Thus ancient Isra'l saw with wonder,  
 How God had set his people free ;  
 When those who long had kept them under,  
 At his command resign'd their prey.

And now to sin no more a servant,  
 O may I live to God alone !  
 Blameless in life, in spirit fervent,  
 In me may all his will be done.

And when my work on earth is over,  
 The work assign'd me here to do ;  
 In heav'n my Lord will then discover !  
 His matchless glories to my view.

### HYMN LV.

*Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.*"  
 &c. PSALM XXX. 11.

GOD has turn'd my grief to gladness,  
 He has made my heart rejoice :  
 I who lately pin'd in sadness,  
 Now can raise my thankful voice :  
 Sweet it is the saints to join ;  
 Sweet to call their Saviour mine.

O how short is his displeasure ?  
 As a moment it appears ;  
 But his love is without measure,  
 Still the same thro' endless years :  
 Weeping may the night employ,  
 But the morning beams with joy.

3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour  
 Life and joy are found to flow ;  
 O for faith that does not waver !  
 Lord on me this faith bestow :  
 Since thy promise changes not,  
 Grant that I may never doubt.

4 Help me now, ye saints, to praise him :  
 Join, ye angels, while we sing.  
 Tho' our efforts cannot raise him,  
 (What can raise our glorious King ?)  
 Praise should never cease to flow,  
 'Tis the tribute that we owe.

## HYMN LVI.

*“ And Jesus asked him, what is thy name, and he said, legion.”* LUKE viii. 30.

WELL might he be called legion,  
 Who my soul did occupy :  
 Round about thro' all the region  
 None was more possess'd than I :  
 Satan held me till one stronger  
 Came and set the pris'ner free :  
 Satan then could reign no longer :  
 Jesus made him yield his prey.

2 'Mong the dead the Saviour found me,  
 There it was I lov'd to dwell.  
 Solemn vows had often bound me :  
 What could bonds like these avail ?  
 As when Sampson rous'd from slumber,  
 Broke with ease the chains he wore,  
 So my vows, whate'er their number,  
 Yielded to temptation's pow'r.

3 They who in my madness knew me,  
 Gaze and wonder at the change :  
 At the Saviour's feet they view me,  
 And confess the matter strange :  
 Many think the change a sad one ;  
 Look upon it as a curse :  
 Tho' the case was once a bad one,  
 Yet they think the present worse.

4 Fearful of the world's derision,  
 Eager too to see his face :  
 Oft I ask'd the Lord's permission,  
 With himself to take my place.  
 But whene'er I ask'd this favour,  
 'Twas his word, or seem'd to be,  
 " Go and spread the truth's sweet savour,  
 " Tell what God has done for thee."

5 Be it so, since thou hast said it ;  
 Be this world awhile my place :  
 O may those who hear me credit  
 What I tell them of thy grace !  
 Soon I hope to stand before thee :  
 Soon to join the hosts above :  
 There for ever to adore thee,  
 And proclaim thy matchless love.

## HYMN LVII.

*“ O Lord our God, other Lords beside thee have had dominion over us,” &c.*      ISAIAH XXVI. 13.

ONCE to other lords we bow'd :

None were more enslav'd than we :  
Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd :  
Saviour, now we come to thee.

2 Long, too long, alas ! we were  
Slaves of sin and foes to thee :  
Now with truth we can declare,  
None owe more to grace than we.

3 Lord, we now confess with shame,  
How slighted all thy love :  
How we long withheld thy claim,  
And against thy mercy strove.

4 Henceforth we desire to be  
Thine alone, for ever thine :  
Thou hast set the pris'ners free :  
Saviour on thy people shine.

5 Let us walk with thee below :  
Thee on whom our hopes depend :  
Then with all thy people go,  
There, where all our conflicts end.

## HYMN LVIII.

*“ He brought me up also out of an horrible pit.”<sup>2</sup>*  
PSALM xl. 2.

RESCU'D from the lake infernal :  
Sav'd from yonder dark abyss :  
Jesus gives us life eternal :  
Now we live since we are his :  
Now we hope with him to be  
Happy through eternity.

2 O how great our former danger,  
When we walk in folly's ways !  
He who lives, to God a stranger,  
Far from peace and safety strays.  
Under guilt, enslav'd by sin,  
All is dark and foul within.

3 Long, too long, our hearts were harden'd :  
We despis'd the truth of God :  
But the Lord our sin has pardon'd :  
He has wash'd our souls with blood :  
Blood of him who fills a throne :  
Blood of Christ the holy one.

4 Let us bow and fall before him ;  
Let us bow before our King :  
Lo, the hosts of heav'n adore him ;  
All above his praises sing.  
Much they owe him, more we owe :  
We are sav'd from endless woe.

## HYMN LIX.

*“ While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.”* 2 COR. iv. 18.

1 THINGS unseen engage us now :  
 Glorious things to faith reveal'd :  
 Yes, through grace 'tis ours to know,  
 Things that were before conceal'd.

2 Things of high importance too ;  
 Things connected with thy peace :  
 Yes, from these our comforts flow,  
 All our chief delights from these.

3 Since we've known his precious name,  
 Who on earth sustain'd the cross ;  
 Pomp and pleasure, wealth and fame,  
 All the world is counted loss.

4 Better things appear in view :  
 Drawing us away from earth :  
 Shall we stoop then to pursue,  
 Objects of inferior worth ?

5 No, we'll leave the world behind ;  
 Once the object of our love :  
 And be satisfied to find  
 Rest among the saints above.

## REPROACH OF THE CROSS.

### HYMN LX.

*“ I go to prepare a place for you.”* JOHN xiv. 2.

AND art thou gracious master gone,

A mansion to prepare for me?

Shall I behold thee on the throne,

And there for ever sit with thee?

Then let the world approve or blame,

I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I to gain the world's applause,

Or to escape its harmless frown,

Refuse to countenance thy cause,

And make thy people's lot my own;

What shame would fill me in that day,

When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?

The terror of his anger what?

Like grass he flourishes a while,

But soon his place shall know him not.

Thro' fear of such a one shall I

The Lord of Heav'n and Earth deny?

4 No! let the world cast out my name,

And vile account me if they will:

If to confess the Lord be shame,

I purpose to be viler still.

For thee, my God, I all resign,

Content if I can call thee mine.

5 What transport then shall fill my heart,  
 When thou my worthless name wilt own ;  
 When I shall see thee as thou art,  
 And know as I myself am known !  
 From sin and fear and sorrow free,  
 My soul shall find its rest in thee.

## HYMN LXI.

“ *Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father.*”

MAT. x. 22.

THEY who confess the Saviour here,  
 Must count upon the worldling’s sneer ;  
 Must reckon on his malice too,  
 Nor fear to stand among *the few*.

2 How many thro’ the fear of shame  
 Refuse to own the Saviour’s name !  
 Lest feels the question should renew,  
 And cry “ are ye deceived too ? ”

3 The fear of man thus brings a snare,  
 For few his frown and scorn can bear,  
 But they should think what Jesus says,  
 “ Them who confess me I’ll confess.”

4 Ah Lord ! with truth we all may tell,  
 That we have lov’d the world too well ;  
 O make us valiant in thy cause !  
 And careless of the world’s applause.

5 While we despise its utmost scorn,  
 Let all our works thy truth adorn !  
 And when thy glorious day we see,  
 O let us be confess'd of thee !

## HYMN LXII.

“ *Despising them.*”      HEB. xii. 2.

SHALL I be ashamed of Jesus ?  
 Who so true a friend as he ?  
 He whose offer'd life appeases  
 Wrath, that else had fall'n on me :  
 Jesus, when he shed his blood,  
 Sav'd me from the wrath of God.

2 Few would die to save another.  
 Yet there might be love like this :  
 Some, to save a friend or brother,  
 Might resign their life for his.  
 But the Lord his kindness shews,  
 While he dies to save his foes.

3 Others may profess to love,  
 And may seem to be our friends :  
 But when trials come to prove us,  
 Then, alas ! their friendship ends.  
 Jesus is what others seem :  
 Shall I be ashamed of him ?

4 Lord, thou know'st how oft already  
 I have been ashamed of thee :  
 False I've been, and most unsteady :  
 From the cross how prone to flee !

63  
Yes, my Lord, I own my shame :  
Oft I've blush'd to own thy name.

5 O forgive the past, nor let me  
Ever be so base again :  
When temptation shall beset me,  
Lord be near, be near me then.  
Teach me to confess thy name,  
Careless who approve or blame.

### *DEATH OF BELIEVERS.*

#### **HYMN LXIII.**

“ *We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.*” COR. v. 1

THE tedious pilgrimage is past ;  
The forty years have reach'd a close :  
And happy Isra'l now at last,  
Is destin'd to enjoy repose.

2 Thro' toils and death their journey lay,  
And many did their march oppose :  
But he who led them by the way,  
Was mighty to subdue their foes.

3 He took them from the tyrant's hand ;  
He led them safely thro' the deep :  
He promis'd them a fruitful land :  
And will not God his promise keep ?

4 How pleasant after so much toil,  
 To see the land where rest is found !  
 To tread in hope the sacred toil,  
 With everlasting verdure crown'd.

5 Thus Isra'l stood on Jordan's banks,  
 And view'd the land on th' other side :  
 While pleasure spread thro' all his ranks,  
 And joy was felt, till then denied.

6 And thus the saints, with heav'n in view,  
 Rejoice and triumph at the last :  
 Their pilgrimage is ended too,  
 And all the storms of life are past.

7 This frame dissolves, but well they know,  
 A nobler house is their's on high :  
 With pleasure from the world they go,  
 To meet the Saviour in the sky.

#### HYMN LXIV.

*“ And deliver them, who thro' fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.” HEB. ii. 15.*

NOW come on, thou king of terrors,  
 Once I fear'd thy threat'ning frown :  
 Rescu'd from my former errors,  
 Lo, my former fears are gone :  
 Subject of a greater now,  
 To thy throne no more I bow.

2 Well thou know'st the name of Jesus,  
 'Tis a sound excites alarm :  
 His I am, and him it pleases  
 To defend me from thine arm :  
 Death, of terrors once the king,  
 Tell me, " where is now thy sting ? "

3 When I see the Saviour near me,  
 Nothing do I fear from thee :  
 He, I know, will kindly hear me,  
 He will give me victory :  
 On his truth my soul relies,  
 In his name thy pow'r defies.

### HYMN LXV.

" *O death where is thy sting ? O grave where is thy victory ?*"

Cor. xv. 55

LET reason vainly boast her pow'r  
 To teach her children how to die :  
 The sinner in a dying hour,  
 Needs more than reason can supply.  
 A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,  
 Alone can cheer him in his end.

2 When nature sinks beneath disease,  
 And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,  
 What then can give the sinner ease,  
 And make him love a dying bed ?  
 Jesus, thy smile his heart can cheer,  
 He's blest e'en then if thou art near.

The gospel does salvation bring,  
 And Jesus is the gospel theme :  
 In death *redeemed* sinners sing,  
 And triumph in the Saviour's name.  
 " O death where is thy sting ?" they cry,  
 " O grave where is thy victory ?"

Then let me die the death of those  
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood :  
 Who on his faithfulness repose,  
 And know that he indeed is God.  
 Around his throne we all shall meet,  
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

### HYMN LXVI.

*Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for  
 mine eyes have seen thy salvation."*

LUKE ii. 29, 30.

WHAT pleasure fill'd old Simeon's breast,  
 While he his infant Lord caress'd,  
 And gaz'd upon his face !  
 As he the glorious child survey'd,  
 He recogniz'd the promis'd seed,  
 The God of truth and grace.

2 How welcome to his eyes the sight !  
*But one* could yield him *more* delight,  
 And that he now enjoys :  
 'Tis Jesus dwelling in the light ;  
 Whose glory infinitely bright  
 The praise of Heav'n employs.

3 " According to thy gracious word,"  
 He cries, " now take thy servant Lord,  
 " For I have seen thy grace :  
 " What more can I expect beneath ?  
 " O let me cease on earth to breathe,  
 " That I may see thy face."

4 'Tis thus, hope beaming in his eyes,  
 The aged Saint before he dies,  
 Declares his joy aloud.  
 In death may we prove conqu'rors too,  
 After death the Saviour view,  
 Reveal'd without a cloud.

### HYMN LXVII.

" Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which  
 is far better." PHILIP. i.13.

WHEN a believer yields his breath,  
 I follow him with eyes of faith  
 Where sense can see no more :  
 Methinks I see him spread his wings,  
 And soar above material things,  
 To yon celestial shore.

2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,  
 What transport fills th' enraptur'd saint,  
 Of paradise possess'd :  
 His wants abundantly supplied!  
 His wishes fully satisfied !  
 Himself supremely blest.

3 But what occasions so much joy ?  
 Or what can now his pow'rs employ  
     That yields him such delight ?  
 'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne ;  
 Who sav'd and claim'd him for his own :  
     What object half so bright ?

4 How far is what he saw below,  
 Or all he had the pow'r to know,  
     By what he sees excell'd ?  
 The clouds that interpos'd before  
 Obstruct his clearer view no more ;  
     And Jesus stands reveal'd.

5 But see, he joins the ransom'd throng !  
 And swells the grand triumphant song  
     " Of Moses and the Lamb."  
 JESUS, the object of their praise ;  
 The LORD, who deign'd such worms to raise,  
     Th' unsearchable " I AM!"

6 O may we know the Saviour's grace,  
 And then in heav'n behold his face,  
     On wings angelic borne !  
 For this let men our hope contemn !  
 Well-pleas'd we'll smile and pity them,  
     And haste beyond their scorn.

## HYMN LXVIII.

*“ It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory.”*  
1 COR. xv. 43.

WHEN the appointed hour is come  
That Jesus takes his people home ;  
The body sinks to dwell below,  
And lets th’ imprison’d spirit go.

- 2 The paradise of God receives  
The saint when he the body leaves ;  
Where Jesus gives him purest joys,  
Till the last trumpet’s awful voice.
- 3 Then shall his body rise again,  
Exempt from all disease and pain.  
In weakness and dishonour sown,  
The Lord will raise it like his own.
- 4 A pris’n no more, a mansion fair,  
And form’d the spirit’s joys to share !  
In perfect union now they meet,  
And dwell in happiness complete.

## HYMN LXIX.

*“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”*  
REV. xiv. 13.

HARK a voice ! It cries from Heaven :  
“ Happy in the Lord who die !”  
Happy they to whom ’tis given,  
From a world of grief to fly !

They indeed are truly blest ;  
From their laboar then they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo ! they dwell with Christ above :  
O what glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love !  
Now they see him face to face :  
Him who say'd them by his grace.

3 "Tis enough, enough for ever,  
'Tis his people's bright reward :  
They indeed are blest who never  
Shall be absent from the Lord.  
O that we may die like those  
Who in Jesus then repose !

### HYMN LXX.

*" And the spirit shall return to God who gave it."*  
ECCLES. xii. 7.

AWAY ! thou dying saint, away !  
Fly to the mansions of the blest.  
Thy God no more requires thy stay :  
He calls thee to eternal rest.

2 Thy toils at length have reach'd a close ;  
No more remains for thee to do :  
Away, away to thy repose,  
Beyond the reach of sin and woe.

3 Away to yonder realms of light,  
 Where multitudes redeem'd with blood,  
 Enjoy the beatific sight,  
 And dwell for ever with their God.

4 Go, mix with them, and share their joy ;  
 In heav'n behold the sinner's friend :  
 In pleasures share that never cloy :  
 In pleasures that will never end.

5 And may our happy portion be,  
 To join thee in the realms above :  
 The glory of our Lord to see,  
 And sing his everlasting love.

## HYMN LXXI.

*“ For what is your life ? It is even a vapour.”*  
 JAMES iv. 14.

WHAT is life ? 'Tis but a vapour ;  
 Soon it vanishes away :  
 Life is like a dying taper :  
 O my soul, why wish to stay ?  
 Why not spread thy wings and fly.  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

2 See that glory : how replendent !  
 Brighter far than fancy paints,  
 These in majesty transcendent,  
 Jesus reigns, the king of saints.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love :  
 Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,  
 Filling all the courts above.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory :  
 'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear :  
 Thine a joyful, wond'rous story :  
 One that angels love to hear.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

### HYMN LXXII.

*“I will instruct thee and teach thee.”* PSALM XXXII. 8.

LORD behold thy people here,  
 Come to learn what thou wilt say :  
 O in mercy now draw near :  
 Meet thy people when they pray.  
 Thou art God, and thou alone ;  
 Lord we worship at thy throne.

2 Jesus 'tis on thee we call :  
 Israel's Saviour, Israel's King :  
 Low before thy feet we fall :  
 Taine, whom angels love to sing :  
 Saviour lead us in the way :  
 Only thee would we obey.

3 Teach us what we do not know ;  
 Lord instruct us in thy will.  
 What we learn O may we do,  
 To thy voice obedient still :  
 Close to thee may we abide,  
 Thee our Saviour and our guide.

## HYMN LXXXIII.

*“ The entrance of thy word giveth light.”*

PSALM 119. 130.

NOW may the gospel's conqu'ring pow'r,  
 Be felt by all assembled here !  
 So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
 And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord let thy mighty voice be heard,  
 Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r.  
 So shall thy glorious name be fear'd,  
 By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who lie in sin,  
 Preserve them from the sinner's doom :  
 Open the ark and take them in,  
 And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be,  
 The angels too will louder sing ;  
 And both ascribe the praise to thee ;  
 To thee the everlasting King.

## HYMN LXXIV.

*“ For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts.”*

2 COR. iv. 6.

THOU who did'st command the light  
 First upon the world to shine :  
 Put the shadows now to flight,  
 By the beams of truth divine :  
 Let the sinner turn to thee :  
 Let him now thy glory see.

2 Darkness reigns till thou art known ;  
 Darkness can no longer reign :  
 Vain delusive hope is gone,  
 When the joyful truth is seen :  
 Sweet the hope the gospel gives :  
 Blest the sinner who believes.

3 Saviour all our prayer fulfil :  
 Let thy people too be blest :  
 On their hearts more deeply still,  
 Let the truth be now imprest :  
 Let them go from strength to strength.  
 Till they come to Heav'n at length.

## HYMN LXXV.

“ *For the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two edged sword.*” HEB. iv. 12

“ **QUICK** and pow’rful is the word ;  
 “ Sharper than a two edg’d sword.”  
 In the Lord Jehovah’s hand,  
 Nothing can its force withstand.

- 2 How its pow’r was felt of old,  
 They who felt its pow’r have told.  
 Many were the wonders wrought :  
 Multitudes were fed and taught.
- 3 Mighty God, whose word it is,  
 Hear our pray’r and grant us this :  
 What thy pow’r has done before,  
 Now descend and do once more.
- 4 Give the word, let many speak  
 Many hear, and many seek ;  
 Seek thy face, whom angels praise,  
 Love thy truth and learn thy ways.
- 5 Happy days when God descends !  
 When his pow’r the word attends :  
 Then the truth its beauty shews,  
 Charms and conquers all its foes.

## HYMN LXXVI.

*“ The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind.”*  
PSALM cxlvii. 8.

SAV'D ourselves by Jesu's blood,  
Let us now draw nigh to God :  
Many round us blindly stray :  
Mov'd with pity let us pray :  
Pray that they who now are blind  
Soon the way of truth may find.

2 Lord awaken all around ;  
Let them know the joyful sound :  
Slaves to Satan heretofore,  
Let them now be slaves no more :  
Lord we turn our eyes to thee :  
Set the captive sinner free.

3 Glorious things of thee are told ;  
What thine arm has wrought of old ;  
Thousands once its pow'r confess'd ;  
O for seasons like the past !  
Lord revive the former days,  
Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

## HYMN LXXVII.

*“ He was lost and is found.”* LUKE xv. 24.

WE were lost, but God has found us,  
God who seeks and saves the lost :  
Let us pray for those around us,  
Thousands by the world engross'd :

Tho' they seem from God to fly,  
God has pow'r to bring them nigh.

2 Lord behold the sinner wand'ring,  
Far from thee and far from peace:  
All his precious substance squand'ring  
In pursuit of earthly bliss:  
Shew him Lord that none can be,  
Truly blest till brought to thee!

3 Let thy word go forth with power,  
Spread abroad "the joyful sound"  
O! our light, our strength, our tower,  
Make thy glory known around;  
Let the truth's resistless force,  
Stop the sinner in his course.

4 Of their master's honour jealous,  
Let thy people plead thy cause:  
In thy service bold and zealous,  
Let them scorn the world's applause:  
Whether men approve or blame,  
Let them own thy glorious name.

## HYMN LXXVIII.

### *LORD'S DAY.*

*“ Make thee two silver trumpets—that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assemblies.”*

NUMB. x. 2.

THE day of rest once more comes round,

A day to all believers dear :

The silver trumpets seem to sound,

That call the tribes of Isra'l near.

Ye people all

Obey the call ;

And in JEHOVAH's Courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons Lord,

We to thy sanctuary come ;

Thy gracious presence here afford,

And send thy people joyful home.

Of thee our King

O may we sing ;

And none with such a theme be dumb !

2 O hasten Lord the day when those,

Who know thee here shall see thy face :

When suff'ring shall for ever close

And they shall reach their destin'd place.

Then shall they rest,

Supremely blest,

Eternal debtors to thy grace.

## HYMN LXXIX.

*"And shalt honour him, not  
doing thine own ways. &c."*

ISAIAH lviii. 13.

EV'RY thought should be directed,  
Heav'nward thro' this hallow'd Day :  
Worldly themes should be rejected,  
Themes that draw the soul away :  
'Tis the day of sacred rest :  
'Tis the day the Lord has blest.

2 O what glorious themes invite us,  
When we look on mercy's plan !  
These are themes may well delight us :  
Themes of joy to guilty man.  
Full of sweetness, full of grace :  
Suited to the sinner's case.

3 Why should we grow weary thinking,  
Of the Saviour's grace and love ?  
From these springs his people drinking,  
Get a taste of joys above.  
O 'tis good the Lord to know !  
'Tis our Heav'n begun below.

## HYMN LXXX.

*"And call the Sabbath, the holy of the LORD,  
honourable."*

ISAIAH lix. 13.

I FAIN would love the day of rest.  
Would still esteem this day the best :  
But oft alas, I've need to say ;  
" How barren is my soul to-day ?

2 True—I frequent the house of pray'r,  
 I go and sit with others there ;  
 I hear and sing, and seem to pray,  
 But oft my mind is call'd away.

3 I fain would see the Saviour near,  
 Of him would think and speak and hear :  
 But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,  
 And draw my soul from what is good.

4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesus' blood,  
 I fain would give the day to God :  
 But, seldom to my purpose true,  
 'Tis mine to plan but not to do.

5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief ;  
 O bring thy worthless worm relief !  
 Revive thy work within my soul.  
 And all my thoughts and pow'rs controul.

### HYMN LXXXI.

*“ For a day in thy Courts is better than a thousand.”*  
 PSALM LXXXIV. 18.

WHEN I can see the Saviour's grace  
 And call the Saviour mine,  
 I feel content in ev'ry place ;  
 The darkness seems to shine.

2 In such a frame I greatly prize  
 The day the Saviour claims ;  
 Nor envy then the great and wise,  
 Their joys and golden dreams.

**3** With those who love the Saviour's name,  
 I chuse to have my part ;  
 And if my portion should be shame,  
 I'll bind it to my heart.

**4** With saints I'll sanctify the day.  
 The Lord has call'd his own :  
 I'll go where they are wont to pray,  
 And worship at his throne.

**5** And O may ev'ry sabbath prove,  
 An earnest of that rest,  
 Of which, when we arrive above,  
 We hope to be possess'd.

### HYMN LXXXII.

*“ There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”* HEB. iv. 9.

SWEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,  
 Emblem and earnest of a state,  
 Where Saints are fully blest !  
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh !  
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,  
 Sweet day of sacred rest.

**2** But oft (with shame I will confess)  
 My privilege my burden is.  
 No joy, alas ! have I ;  
 When I would take my harp and sing,  
 I find it oft without a string,  
 And lay it coldly by.

But while I thus confess my shame,  
 'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,  
 Who makes me sometimes sing ;  
 Yes Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise)  
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,  
 And triumph in my King.

O let the case be always so ;  
 My song no interruption know,  
 'Till death shall seal my tongue,  
 In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise ;  
 And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,  
 My Heav'n an endless song.

### MISSIONARY HYMNS.

#### HYMN LXXXIII.

*"The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion!"*      PSALM cxlv. 11.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious :  
 All the earth shall own his sway :  
 He will make his kingdom glorious :  
 He will reign thro' endless day.  
 What tho' none on earth assist him ?  
 God requires not help from man :  
 What tho' all the world resist him ?  
 God will realize his plan.

2 Nations now from God estranged,  
 Then shall see a glorious light :  
 Night to day shall then be changed :  
 Heav'n shall triumph in the sight :

See the ancient idols falling ?

Worshipp'd once, but now abhor'd :  
Men on Zion's King are calling :  
Zion's King by all ador'd.

3 Then shall Isra'l long dispersed,  
Mourning seek the Lord their God,  
Look on him whom once they pierced,  
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod :  
Then all Isra'l shall be saved,  
War and tumult then shall cease :  
While the greater son of David,  
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,  
Now thy glorious cause maintain,  
Bring the nations help and healing,  
Make them subject to thy reign :  
Angels in their lofty station,  
Praise thy name thou only wise,  
O let earth with emulation,  
Join the triumph of the skies.

#### HYMN LXXXIV.

“ *Cry aloud, spare not.*”

ISAIAH lviii. 1.

MEN of God, go take your stations ;  
Darkness reigns throughout the earth :  
Go proclaim among the nations,  
Joyful news of heav'nly birth :  
Bear the tidings  
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,  
 As "the pow'r of God to save,"  
 Go where Christ was never named ;  
 Publish freedom to the slave !  
 Blessed freedom !  
 Such as Zion's children have.

3 What tho' earth and hell united,  
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?  
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :  
 Fear ye not the face of man :  
 Vain their tumult ;  
 Hurt his work they never can.

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend :  
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend :  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

### HYMN LXXXV.

*To proclaim liberty to the captives."* ISAIAH lxi. 1.

NOW let the trumpet's cheerful sound,  
 Make known the welcome news abroad,  
 And to the world's remotest bound,  
 Proclaim the jubilee of God :  
 The day appears,  
 To dry all tears ;  
 The day to break th' oppressor's rod.

2 Ye slaves throughout the world give ear,  
 Ye who have sold yourselves for nought :  
 In Zion's sacred gates appear,  
 And see what Zion's King has wrought.  
 Behold he reigns !  
 He breaks your chains ;  
 And sends you liberty unsought.

3 Come home ye wand'lers now come home  
 Receive th' inheritance you sold :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 The year by prophets long foretold ;  
 The truth believe ;  
 The gift receive :  
 'Tis yours again unbought with gold.

4 And now let cheerful songs arise,  
 From th' utmost limits of the earth :  
 The jubilee a theme supplies ;  
 A joyful theme of heav'nly birth.  
 Let songs abound  
 The world around ;  
 The season calls for sacred mirth.

## HYMN LXXXVI.

“ *Let the earth hear.*”      ISAIAH xxxiv. 1.

O 'TIS a sound should fill the world !  
 The sound of mercy thro' the LAMB :  
 Lo Satan from his seat is hurl'd,  
 Unable to withstand *his* naame !  
 From heav'n like light'ning see him fall !  
 Struck by the arm that conquers all.

Lord give the word !—and wak'd by thee,  
 Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell !  
 That hopeless sinners now may see,  
 That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell :  
 Sound sound the joyful truth abroad !  
 Let sinners now draw nigh to God !

1 And thou victorious Lord, all hail !  
 Immortal honours shade thy brow !  
 When Death and Hell thy friends assail,  
 They find in thee a refuge now :  
 Thy name shall furnish them with arms,  
 And free their souls from all alarms.

### HYMN LXXXVII.

*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh O most mighty with thy glory and thy majesty.”*      PSALM xlvi. 3.

JESUS, immortal King, go on ;  
 The glorious day will soon be won ;  
 Thine enemies prepare to flee,  
 And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

2 Gird on thy sword victorious Chief !  
 The captive sinner's sole relief ;  
 Cast the usurper from his throne ;  
 And make the universe thine own.

3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace  
 And mark the conquests of thy grace.  
 Finish the work thou hast begun ;  
 And let thy will on earth be done.

4 Then shall contending nations rest,  
 For love shall reign in every breast ;  
 Weapons for war design'd shall cease ;  
 Or then be implements of peace.

5 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing !  
 " The Lord omnipotent is King !"  
 Let all his saints rejoice at this,  
 The kingdoms of the world are his !  
 Hallelujah ! Amen !

### HYMN LXXXVIIIL

*" I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west, I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back, &c."*      ISAI. xliii. 5,

My soul, with sacred joy survey,  
 The glories of the latter day :  
 Its dawn already seems begun,  
 Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,  
 (A chosen, consecrated band.)  
 The standard of the cross display,  
 And cry aloud, " Behold the way."

3 " Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
 " Where Isra'l's God delights to dwell ;  
 " He fixes there his lofty throne.  
 " And calls the sacred place his own.

4 " Behold the way." Ye heralds cry :  
 Spare not, but lift your voices high ;

Convey the sound from shore to shore ;  
And bid the captive sigh no more.

Swift on the wings of heav'nly zeal  
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel ;  
But faithful to their master's will,  
Their sacred embassy fulfil.

The North " gives up ;" the south no more  
" Keeps back " her consecrated store ;  
From East to West the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons.

Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray  
With joy I view, and hail the day.  
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,  
And fill the world with purest light.

### HYMN LXXXIX.

*and the isles shall wait for his law."*   ISAIAH xlii. 4.

HINE Lord on this dark land of ours :  
Forth from thy sanctuary shine ;  
Send out thy word with all its pow'rs :  
And make this people henceforth thine.

There superstition's iron chain,  
Has long been worn with deep disgrace ;  
Let glorious liberty now reign :  
Such liberty as saints possess.

3 Let men anointed from above,  
 Faithful, affectionate and bold,  
 Go thro' the land, proclaim thy love,  
 And bring the wand'lers to thy fold.

4 Tho' many obstacles appear,  
 Since nothing can withstand thy pow'r,  
 We'll look in hope, and wait in pray'r,  
 'Till thou shalt bring the glorious hour.

5 Then shall this happy island smile,  
 When truth's fair light shall shine from Heav'n,  
 When Satan shall no more beguile,  
 Nor spread abroad his fatal leav'n.

## HYMN XC.

Hark the loud triumphant strains!  
 God the King of glory reigns.  
 All the kingdoms own his sway:  
 Hail the happy, happy day.  
 Hail the day by God appointed:  
 Jesus reigns, the Lord's anointed.

2 Hark the sound of sacred mirth!  
 Jesus reigns throughout the earth.  
 War and strife, and tumult cease:  
 'Tis the time of love and peace.  
 See his people rest enjoying:  
 In his mountain none destroying.

3 Zion's King makes known his name:  
 He asserts his lawful claim:  
 His the kingdom, his the pow'r,  
 His the glory evermore.

Worldly maxims cease to govern :  
Jesus reigns, Supreme and Sov'reign.

HYMN XCI.

*“ Prepare ye the way of the Lord, &c.”*

ISAIAH xl. 3.

Lo, he comes ! Let all adore him :  
'Tis the God of Grace and Truth :  
Go, prepare the way before him :  
Make the rugged places smooth :  
Lo ! he comes, the mighty Lord :  
Great his work, and his reward.

Let the vallies all be raised :  
Go, and make the crooked straight :  
Let the mountains be abased :  
Let all nature change its state :  
Thro' the desert mark a road :  
Make a high-way for our God.

Through the desert God is going ;  
Through the desert waste and wild :  
Where no goodly plant is growing :  
Where no verdure ever smil'd.  
But the desert shall be glad ;  
And with verdure soon be clad.

Where the thorn and brier flourish'd :  
Trees shall there be seen to grow :  
Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd :  
Stately, fair, and fruitful too :  
They shall rise on ev'ry side :  
They shall spread their branches wide.

5 From the hills, and lofty mountains,  
 Rivers shall be seen to flow :  
 There the Lord, will open mountains ;  
 Thence supply the plains below :  
 As he passes, ev'ry land,  
 Shall confess his pow'rful hand.

## HYMN XCII.

“ *God reigneth over the Heathen.* ” PSALM xlvii. 1

KING of Zion, give the order :  
 Send thy light and truth abroad :  
 O let Zion stretch her border :  
 Zion favour'd of her God.

2 Thou can'st form the zealous preacher :  
 Thou can'st light and love impart.  
 Send thy word to ev'ry creature :  
 Send it to the sinner's heart.

3 O let many now be ready,  
 To go forth, at thy command :  
 Men of faith approv'd, and steady :  
 Leaving all at thy command.

4 Send thy truth, to ev'ry region :  
 Let the distant people hear :  
 Let them turn from false religion :  
 And to Truth alone give ear.

5 Thou art God : who would not fear thee ?  
 Who that knows thy glorious pow'r ?  
 O that all the world may hear thee ;  
 And be slaves of sin no more.

## HYMN XCIII.

*“I have raised him up in righteousness, &c.”*

ISAIAH xlvi. 13.

THUS saith God, of his anointed :  
 He shall let my people go :  
 'Tis the work for him appointed :  
 'Tis the work that he shall do :  
     And my city :  
 He shall found, and build it too.

2 He whom man with scorn refuses ;  
 Whom the favour'd nation hates :  
 He it is Jehovah chuses ;  
 Him the highest place awaits :  
     Kings and Princes,  
 Shall do homage at his gates.

3 He shall humble all the scorners :  
 He shall fill his foes with shame :  
 He shall raise and comfort mourners,  
 By the sweetness of his name.  
     To the captives  
 He shall liberty proclaim.

He shall gather those that wander'd :  
 When they hear the trumpet's sound ;  
 They shall join his sacred standard ;  
 They shall come and flock around ;  
     He shall save them :  
 They shall be with glory crown'd.

## HYMN XCIV.

*“ Let God arise, &c.”*

PSALM IX. 1.

LET God arise, and let his foes,  
Be scatter'd wheresoe'er he goes :  
As wax dissolves before the sun ;  
Let all his foes his presence own.

- 2 Let all the pow'rs of darkness fly,  
Before the God, who reigns on high :  
And when his ark appears, let all  
The idols of the nations fall.
- 3 Let men from opposition cease ;  
Lay down their arms, and sue for peace :  
From refuges of lies be driv'n ;  
Confess their sin, and be forgiv'n.
- 4 Let God arise, and win the day :  
The mighty God, his sceptre sway ;  
The golden sceptre of his grace,  
Thro' ev'ry land, in ev'ry place.
- 5 And let his name, who shed his blood,  
To bring the guilty nigh to God ;  
Be great in all the earth, and sung,  
In ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

## HYMN XCV.

*The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes  
of all the nations.”* ISAIAH iii. 10.

YES, we trust the day is breaking ;  
Joyful times are near at hand :  
God, the mighty God, is speaking,  
By his word, in ev’ry land :  
When he chuses,  
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season :  
Let us hail the rising ray :  
When the Lord appears, there’s reason,  
To expect a glorious day ;  
At his presence,  
Gloom and darkness fly away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring :  
While he enters like a flood :  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad :  
Ev’ry language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 O ! 'Tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,  
To our hearts to hear each day ;  
Joyful news, from far arriving :  
How the gospel wins its way :  
Those enlight’ning,  
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 Babylon's proud walls are falling ;  
 All her wise men are perplex'd :  
 'Tis in vain we hear them calling,  
 On their Gods : her cup is mix'd :  
     She must drink it :  
 Yes, her awful doom is fix'd.

6 'Tis a time of expectation :  
 Awful signs are seen around :  
 Nation rising against nation :  
 Kingdoms falling to the ground :  
     Ancient kingdoms  
 Perish, and no more are found.

7 God of Jacob, high and glorious ;  
 Let thy people see thy hand :  
 Let the gospel be victorious,  
 Through the world, in ev'ry land :  
     And the idols,  
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

### NEW YEAR.

### HYMN XCVI.

*“ And he answering said, Lord, let it alone this year also.”* LUKE xiii. 8.

ANOTHER year has reach'd a close ;  
 And tho' mere cumb'lers of the land,  
 Our Saviour deigns to interpose.  
     And we're permitted yet to stand.

2 But while we humbly own our fault,  
     And praise him for another year :  
     We've need to tremble at the thought,  
     The hand of justice may be near.

3 Long has the Lord been seeking fruit,  
     But Ah, how little has he seen !  
     Nor blame to *him* can we impute ;  
     The cause with *us alone* has been.

4 Lord we acknowledge all our shame :  
     Our privileges have been great :  
     The greater they, the more our blame,  
     That we have done so little yet.

5 The sweetest truths that angels know,  
     It is our privilege to hear ;  
     And yet we seem to come and go,  
     As if the whole a fable were.

6 Lord melt our hearts to mourn the past,  
     And let us henceforth faithful be,  
     And if this year should be our last,  
     O may our souls repose with thee.

## HYMN XCVII.

“ *As for man his days are grass.*”      PSALM ciii. 15.

SWIFT fly the years, and swift as they  
     The fleeting life of man :  
     With truth the moralist may say,  
     “ His life is as a span.

2 But here the moralist must stop ;  
 And sad his word appears :  
 If in the world alone there's hope,  
 O give me length of years.

3 'Tis thus with pain the worldling sees ;  
 That time makes no delay ;  
 One year and then another flees,  
 And steals his life away.

4 Not so the man who hopes to be,  
 With Jesus where he is,  
 Time's flight unruffl'd he may see,  
 For endless life is his.

5 Ah Lord ! if we be thine indeed,  
 Why love these earthly toys ;  
 Why do our gross affections plead,  
 For sublunary joys ?

6 O send thy spirit from above,  
 And set thy people free !  
 Our glorious calling let us prove,  
 By leaving all for thee.

7 And as the circling years revolve,  
 We'll hasten on the day,  
 When thou these bodies wilt dissolve,  
 And bear our souls away.

## HYMN XCVIII.

“ *Suffered he their manners.*”      ACTS xiii. 18.

LORD we desire to praise thy name,  
 That spar'd another year we see ;  
 So us belongeth only shame,  
 But love and faithfulness to thee.

When we reflect what we've deserv'd,  
 It moves our wonder and our praise,  
 That such poor worms should be preserv'd,  
 And still be walking in thy ways.

How oft like Israel of old,  
 Have our vile hearts turn'd back from thee !  
 To idols base, to calves of gold,  
 How oft alas we've bow'd the knee !

We've sinn'd against the clearest light ;  
 We've sinn'd against the greatest love :  
 We stand convicted in thy sight :  
 Shouldst thou condemn, we must approve.

Nor can we use the suppliant's plea,  
 “ Henceforth thy pleasure we'll fulfil ; ”  
 It suits us not to *vow* but *pray*,  
 “ Lord teach us to perform thy will.”

## LORD'S SUPPER.

## HYMN XCIX.

*“ But I said, how shall I put thee among the Children*

**JEREM.** iii.

AND is there room for us,  
 Among the favour'd few ?  
 Are we permitted thus,  
 The Saviour's death to shew ?  
 And say by this,  
 That we are his ?  
 Come then, obedient to his word,  
 And eat the supper of our Lord.

2 'Tis true, we nothing have,  
 Deserving his regard :  
 But Jesus came to *save* :  
 He came not to *reward* :  
 Reflection sweet,  
 For sinners meet !—Come then, &c.

3 For them the table's spread,  
 Who make his name their hope ;  
 Their's is the living bread,  
 And their's salvation's cup.  
 Saviour thou know'st,  
 Thy name's our boast.—Come then, &c.

## MORNING.

## HYMN C.

“ *O thou preserver of men !* ”      JOB vii. 20.

1 THRO’ all the dangers of the night,  
 Preserv’d O Lord by thee ;  
 Again we hail the chearful light,  
 Again we bow the knee.

2 O may the beams of truth divine,  
 With clear convincing light,  
 In all our understandings shine,  
 And chase our *mental night* !

3 Preserve us Lord throughout the day,  
 And guide us by thine arm !  
 For *they* are safe, and *only* they ;  
 Whom thou preserv’st from harm.

4 Let us all our words and all our ways  
 Declare that we are thine !  
 That so the light of truth and grace  
 Before the world may shine.

5 Nor let <sup>us</sup> turn away from thee ;  
 Dear Saviour hold us fast !  
 Till with immortal eyes we see  
 Thy glorious face at last.

## HYMN CI.

*“Thou shalt keep them O LORD.”*

PSALM XII.

THRO' the night by thee preserved  
 Lord we come to own thy care :  
 Had'st thou done as we deserved,  
 Death and wrath our portion were.  
 Saviour pardon all our sin !  
 Let this day with thee begin ;  
 Ev'ry hour,  
 Ev'ry power,  
 Thro' the day to thee be giv'n !  
 Ev'ry day 'till call'd to heav'n.

## HYMN CII.

*“Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning.”*

PSALM

SAVIOUR, let thy loving kindness,  
 In the morning be our joy :  
 Save us Lord from mental blindness,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ ;  
 Sweet it is to praise thy name :  
 Angels testify the same.

2 Angels without intermission,  
 Sing thy praises day and night :  
 Here we meet with opposition :  
 None can sing thy praise aright :  
 Unbelief and weariness,  
 Check our songs, our joy repress.

Saviour take thy people to thee,  
 Raise them to their destin'd place :  
 Where with angels we shall view thee ;  
 And with angels sing thy grace :  
 Many things distress us here :  
 All is light and glory there.

## EVENING.

## HYMN CIII.

*Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night."*  
 PSALM xci. 5.

ONCE more the cheerful sun's withdrawn,  
 And darkness comes again :  
 How many since the morning dawn,  
 Have left th' abodes of men !

They who had known the Saviour's name,  
 Are present with the Lord ;  
 But their's is misery and shame,  
 Who fought against his word.

Who' not admitted yet so near,  
 As they who see his face.  
 The voice of mercy still we hear,  
 And *this* demands our praise.

We bless thee Lord that yet we live  
 To close another day :  
 Our many trespasses forgive,  
 And keep us in the way.

5 When we shall close our eyes in sleep,  
 Preserve us safe from harm !  
 From nightly foes our dwelling keep,  
 And guard us with thine arm !

6 And should we sleep to wake no more,  
 Till the last trumpet sound ;  
 May we in that decisive hour,  
 Among thy sheep be found.

## HYMN CIV.

“ *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*” PROV. xxvii.

THROUGH the dark and silent hours,  
 Of the night, preserve us, Lord !  
 Safely keep both us and ours :  
 Peace and confidence afford :  
 We are bold, in thee confiding :  
 Safe beneath thy shade abiding.

2 Should we never rise again,  
 Till the morning of that day  
 When thy glory shall be seen ;  
 When the world shall pass away :  
 May we stand by thee confessed ;  
 And with all thy saints be blessed.

3 Since we cannot tell to-day ;  
 What to-morrow’s dawn may bring :  
 Saviour, draw our hearts away,  
 Far from ev’ry earthly thing :  
 Make us in thy service steady ;  
 Always for thy coming ready.

## RECEIVING A MEMBER.

## HYMN CV.

*“And he said, come in thou blessed of the Lord.”*  
GEN. xxiv. 31.

“ COME in thou blessed of the Lord,”  
Enter in Jesus’ precious name ;  
We welcome thee with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Thy name ’tis hop’d already stands,  
Mark’d in the book of life above ;  
And now to thine we join our hands,  
In token of fraternal love.

Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We’ll seek in fellowship to prove ;  
Join’d in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.

And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We’ll make our joys and sorrows known ;  
We’ll share each others hopes and fears,  
And count a brother’s case our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat :  
Receive assurance of our love,  
O may we all together meet,  
Around the throne of God above !

## HYMN CVI.

*“ God setteth the solitary in families.”*

PSALM lxviii. 6.

SEE our Saviour adds another!  
 Let us bid him welcome here ;  
 Let us call him friend and brother ;  
 Names to ev'ry Christian dear ;  
 Words they are of sacred meaning,  
 Shewing what believers do :  
 Love as *brethren* without feigning,  
 And like *friends* prove faithful too.

2 Welcome then, our friend and brother !

Welcome all our joys to share !  
 Kind and faithful to each other,  
 May we feel a brother's care !  
 Here expos'd to sore temptation,  
 Let us bear each other's load ;  
 Till we gain complete salvation  
 In the presence of our God.

3 Christians thus together walking,

Mutual light and strength impart :  
 While of Christ, the Saviour talking,  
 Love like fire inflames the heart :  
 Their's a glorious destination !  
 God himself with joy to see !  
 Heav'n their peaceful habitation,  
 Thro' a blest eternity.

## HYMN CVII.

*“And the Lord added unto the Church daily, such as should be saved.” ACTS ii. 47.*

LET joy and thankfulness be felt,  
That Jesus still subdues the foe :  
He makes the frozen heart to melt ;  
He lets the hopeless pris’ner go.

2 Behold the trophies of his arm ;  
We lately saw them Satan’s prey.  
But Jesus has dissolv’d the charm,  
And by his pow’r has set them free.

3 Such is the hope that love demands,  
If right, the final day will tell,  
We’ll freely give to those our hands,  
In whom the truth appears to dwell.

4 Come then, dear friends, and share with us,  
The weight and honour of the cross !  
They who will follow Jesus thus,  
Must be prepar’d for shame and loss.

5 But let us not give way to fear,  
Or think of flight in such a cause :  
Jesus will guard his people here,  
And then receive them with applause.

## HYMN CVIII.

**PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD.**

*“ My word shall not return unto me void.”*  
ISAIAH iv. 11.

**SAVIOUR** follow with thy blessing  
Truths deliyer'd in thy name :  
Thus the word thy pow'r possessing,  
Shall declare from whence it came :  
Mighty let the gospel be,  
All subduing Lord to thee.

2 Let the word be food to nourish  
Those whom thou hast call'd thine own ;  
Let thy people's graces flourish,  
Flourish to thy praise alone :  
Thou who mad'st the sinner live,  
Further life alone can'st give.

3 Let the sinner see his danger,  
Shew him, Lord, his fearful state,  
While he lives to thee a stranger,  
Loving what his soul should hate :  
Let him now, thy truth receive :  
Let him now repent and live.

## HYMN CIX.

*“ The sure mercies of David.” ISAIAH Iv. 2.*

SOUNDS of mercy come from heaven,  
 In the gospel strike our ears ;  
 Happy he, to whom 'tis given  
 To believe the truth he hears !  
 Then the Saviour  
 Precious in his sight appears.

2 Lord, let such as have been hearing  
 What thy glorious gospel says,  
 Tho' till now, as foes appearing,  
 Foes to thee the God of grace,  
 Learn to know thee,  
 Learn to walk in wisdom's ways.

3 Lord, remove the sinner's blindness ;  
 Give him eyes that he may see :  
 O let many, won by kindness,  
 Leave the world and follow thee :  
 Mighty Saviour,  
 Set the captive sinner free.

## HYMN CX.

*“ He sendeth out his word.” PSALM cxviii. 18.*

SAVIOUR bless the word to all,  
 Quick and pow'rful let it prove :  
 O let sinners hear thy call  
 And thy people grow in love.

2 What has now been spoken, bless ;  
 Follow it with pow'r divine :  
 Give the gospel great success :  
 Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;  
 Send, O send thy truth abroad :  
 Let the nations hear thy voice :  
 Hear it, and return to God.

## HYMN CXI.

*“ Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.”*  
 PSALM lxxxviii. 1.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him,  
 Jesus well deserves your praise :  
 O ye careless, turn ye to him :  
 Turn from folly's fatal ways :  
 In the gospel,  
 Jesus all his grace displays.

2 Saviour, full of love and pity,  
 Grant repentance to thy foes :  
 Till thy saints in heav'n are with thee,  
 Let them on thine arm repose,  
 And grow stronger  
 Till their glorious strife shall close.

## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

## HYMN CXII.

*How does the City sit solitary that was full of people?*

**O MOURNFULL** sight ! a city waste !

Her former glory may be trac'd  
From what we see remaining.

**'Tis Zion** mourns her Children gone,

She lies forsaken and alone,

And thus is heard complaining.

**2** My sons ! ah whither are they gone !

“ Of all I once possess'd, not one

Now soothes a mother's anguish,

“ My Children, once my joy and pride.

“ Are torn with rigour from my side,

“ And I am left to languish.”

**3** Zion !—The enemy is chief.

No friend is nigh to bring relief,

Because thou hast offended.

For this thy Children are remov'd,

And thou art punish'd tho' belov'd :

Thy profit is intended.

**4** When thou wast lately full of mirth,

The joy and glory of the earth,

Then hast thou many lovers :

For this, thy God, who spar'd thee long ;

Now takes away thy joy and song ;

And all thy shame discovers.

5 O had'st thou known thy happy lot ;  
 Nor basely sold thyself for nought,  
 Thy gracious Lord forsaking !  
 Then had thy peace been as a stream,  
 But lo ! 'tis vanish'd like a dream :  
 The loss of thine own making.

6 But tho' thy God thus makes thee know,  
 What ills from disobedience flow,  
 He means not to forsake thee :  
 When he has made thee feel thy loss,  
 And purely purg'd away thy dross,  
 He means again to take thee.

7 Then shall thy Children all return,  
 No more for ever shail thou mourn,  
 Restor'd again to favour :  
 Zion shall gain a glorious name ;  
 Her foes shall all be put to shame ;  
 For God himself will save her.

## HYMN CXIII.

“ *Seek peace.*” PSALM xxxiv. 14.

WHILE contests rend the Christian church.  
 O may I live the friend of peace !  
 The sacred mine of scripture search,  
 And learn from man, vain man, to cease.

2 O teach me, Lord, *thy truth* to know,  
 And separate from all beside !  
*This* I would guard from ev'ry foe,  
 Nor fear the issue to abide.

But keep me, Lord, from party-zeal.  
 That seeks its own, and not thy praise !  
 This temper I would never feel,  
 Or when I do would own it base.

Be mine to recommend thy grace !  
 That sinners may believe and live !  
 That they who live may run the race ;  
 And then a crown of life receive.

Lord search thy servant, search him thro'  
 Detect, destroy what's not thine own :  
 Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,  
 O may I seek thy praise alone.

#### HYMN CXIV.

*“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.” ISAIAH xl. 31.*

THEY that wait upon the Lord,  
 As on eagles' pinions mounting  
 Shall arise, (so says his word,)  
 All on earth beneath them counting :  
 They shall rise from earthly things,  
 God himself will give them wings.

2 They that wait upon the Lord,  
 Shall not faint and fail like others ;  
 God will needful help afford ;  
 God, whose love is more than mothers' !  
 This may fail, however strange,  
 His is love that cannot change.

3 They that wait upon the Lord,  
 Ev'ry day their strength renewing,  
 Shall his grace with songs record ;  
 Ev'ry day their foes subduing,  
 They shall go from strength to strength,  
 Till they meet in heav'n at length.

## HYMN CXV.

“ *They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.*”

JEREM. I. 5.

WHENCE come ye, weeping pilgrims whence ?  
 And whither do ye journey hence ?

2 We travel from the distant land  
 The scene of our disgrace ;  
 We leave it by our King's command,  
 And haste to see his face ;  
 We're bound for Zion's blest abode,  
 His people's joy to share :  
 O tell us, if thou know'st, the road  
 That will conduct us there.

3 Ye happy pilgrims come with me,  
 To yonder eminence and see,  
 The city of your glorious King ;  
 Then let your hearts rejoice and sing.

4 'Tis it, how glorious to behold !  
 We shall be there 'ere long.  
 O let the timid now be bold ;  
 And let the faint be strong !

Sing, sing ye pilgrims on your way,  
 Let joy fill ev'ry breast!  
 Our King will all our toils repay,  
 When we have gain'd our rest.

## HYMN CXVI.

“ *My Saviour.*” 2 SAMUEL xxii. 3.

IN form I long had bow'd the knee ;  
 But nought attractive then could see,  
 To win my wayward heart to thee  
 My Saviour!

Yet oft I trembled when I thought,  
 How I had sold myself for nought ;  
 But still against thy love I fought  
 My Saviour !

When self-accus'd I trembling stood,  
 I promis'd fair, as any could ;  
 But never counted on thy blood,  
 My Saviour !

Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,  
 That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,  
 But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,  
 My Saviour !

To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,  
 From pleasure's path to be debarr'd ;  
 Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,  
 My Saviour !

6 At length despairing to be free,  
 A *willing* slave I meant to be :  
 'Twas then thou did'st appear for me,  
 My Saviour !

7 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,  
 Thou did'st redeem my soul with blood,  
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,  
 My Saviour !

8 Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,  
 Thy potent arm has held me fast,  
 And thou wilt save me to the last,  
 My Saviour !

9 And when the voy'ge of life is o'er ;  
 I hope to gain the heav'nly shore,  
 And never grieve thy goodness more,  
 My Saviour !

### HYMN CXVII.

*“ And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord,  
 That is Wisdom.” Job xxviii. 13.*

HOW many of their wisdom boast !  
 Wisdom acquir'd by toil and cost !  
 But when they want their wisdom most,  
 If ever it was their's 'tis lost.

2 The wisdom of the world must fail :  
 'Tis found deficient in the scale :  
 When guilt and pain and death assail,  
 Ah what will such a friend avail !

3 It may with pride the heart inflame :  
 It may exalt a man to fame :  
 It may procure a splendid name :  
 But cannot save from endless shame.

4 There is a wisdom from on high :  
 No food for pride will it supply :  
 But guilt and pain it may defy ;  
 And cheers us when we come to die.

5 Who shall *this* wisdom's worth declare ?  
 Or what shall we to her compare ?  
 To her, bright gems however rare,  
 But faintly shine, and worthless are.

6 Who wisdom find, are truly blest,  
 The “tree of life,” is then possess'd.  
 Of all that's valued this is best ;  
 'Tis present and eternal rest.

## HYMN CVIII.

‘Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.’

PSALM LXVI. 16.

O YE that fear the Lord, attend,  
 While I relate a wond'rous case ;  
 Of one whom Christ, the sinner's friend,  
 Redeem'd and rescued by his grace.

I knew this man, I know him still ;  
 In devious paths he long had stray'd ;  
 Blind ignorance, and proud self-will  
 Conceal'd the path that wisdom made.

3 He was no infidel 'tis true.  
 (As men now understand the name)  
 No!—he condemn'd the *naughty crew* ;  
 Himself *essentially* the same.

4 From gross abominations free,  
 The pharisaic robe he wore ;  
 He seem'd a man of piety ;  
 And such the character he bore.

5 Caress'd by friends, and often told  
 Of Goodness which he never had :  
 He thought that all his dross was gold,  
 Nor ever dreamt his state was bad.

6 Whatever men may think of such,  
 Their enmity to truth is great ;  
 They think that they possess so much,  
 That nothing can improve their state.

7 Deluded thus by golden dreams,  
 They oft sleep on without alarm ;  
 The whole a solid treasure seems,  
 Till *death* dissolves the fatal charm.

8 Thus did *he* sleep whose case I tell,  
 And gaz'd upon his fancied store :  
 He thought, vain fool ! that all was well !  
 Nor did he know that he was poor.

9 But while he slept, a gracious voice  
 Struck on his ear and seem'd to say ;  
 “ Sleeper awake to real joys,  
 “ Lo ! JESUS is the living way.”

0 This voice prevail'd ; and now he knows  
 That he indeed was in a dream ;  
 From Jesus now his comfort flows,  
 His life, his peace, his hope from him.

1 The world can keep his heart no more,  
 Since Jesus has reveal'd his love ;  
 And when life's pilgrimage is o'er  
 He hopes to see his Lord above.

### HYMN CXIX.

“ *My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*” 2 COR. xii. 9.

THY promise Lord, just suits my case ;  
 I sought assurance from thy mouth ;  
 That one like me, so poor and base ;  
 Would persevere to keep thy truth.

2 When to my heart I turn my eyes,  
 I see but motives to despair ;  
 Whatever charm the world supplies,  
 It finds a kindred temper there.

3 Sufficient ground thy promise yields,  
 On which a worm may rest his hope ;  
 And he who on thy promise builds,  
 May give his confidence full scope.

4 Thy strength in weakness is display'd :  
 My soul this truth can relish now :  
 A worm upon thy pow'r is stay'd ;  
 The weaker he the greater thou.

5 If of myself I henceforth speak,  
 'Tis of infirmity alone;  
 I know that I am strong though weak;  
 My strength is Christ, the mighty one.

6 On everlasting arms I lean;  
 These only can sustain my hope;  
 These have till now my refuge been,  
 And these thro' life will hold me up.

7 I can look forward now with joy,  
 Tho' in myself a feeble worm;  
 For Jesus will his pow'r employ,  
 And save my soul in ev'ry storm.

## HYMN CXX.

“Who can shew forth all his praises.” PSALM CXL. 2.

TO God my Saviour praise is due,  
 A debt I never can discharge:  
 For when I bring the sum to view,  
 I find it infinitely large.

2 “Goodness and mercy” have pursu'd  
 My steps since I have seen the light;  
 Favours each day have been renew'd:  
 My sun has shone benignly bright.

3 But since the Saviour's name I've known,  
 And seen how bright his glories shine;  
 My mercy's centre all in one;  
 That I am his, and he is mine.

4 With other things I can dispense,  
 The world and all its joys forego ;  
 But O ! my loss would be immense,  
 If I should cease the LORD to know.

5 This is the central point of bliss :  
 'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I need :  
 My soul is rich, possess'd of this ;  
 Without it I am poor indeed.

6 Nor need I grieve because I owe  
 A debt that may the world amaze ;  
 Thro' endless years my praise shall flow,  
 And what is heav'n but endless praise ?

## HYMN CXXI.

*“ How sweet are thy words to my taste.”*  
 PSALM CXIX. 103.

I LOVE the sacred book of God ;  
 No other can its place supply :  
 It points me to the saint's abode ;  
 It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern,  
 The image of my absent Lord :  
 From thy instructive page I learn  
 The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear  
 To mansions that will ne'er decay,  
 My Lord ! O when will he appear  
 And bear his pris'ner far away !

4 Then shall I need thy light no more.  
 For nothing shall be then conceal'd :  
 When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,  
 The **LORD** himself will stand reveal'd.

5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,  
 The bright original I see,  
 From which thy sacred page was trac'd,  
 Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.

6 But while I'm *here* thou shalt supply  
 His place, and tell me of his love :  
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
 And get a taste of joys above.

7 I know his spirit breathes in thee,  
 To animate his people here ;  
 May thy sweet truths prove life to me,  
 Till in his presence I appear.

## HYMN CXXII.

“ *For there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved.*” ACTS iv. 12.

THERE'S not a name beneath the skies,  
 Nor is there one in heav'n above,  
 But that of **JESUS** can suffice,  
 The sinner's burthen to remove.

2 Sweet name ! when once its virtue's known,  
 How weak all other helps appear !  
 The sinner trusts to it *alone*,  
 And finds the grand specific there.

'Twas long before I knew this truth,  
 And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name,  
 In vanity I spent my youth :  
 The thought now fills my heart with shame,

But since I've known the life and pow'r,  
 With which his name is richly stor'd ;  
 The world can keep my heart no more,  
 Nor can its joys content afford.

The things I once esteem'd the most,  
 I now account as worthless dross ;  
 Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,  
 For which the world appears but loss.

Lord, grant me boldness to proclaim,  
 (Unmov'd by any fear but thine.)  
 The saving virtues of thy name,  
 And shew its influence divine.

Nor let its savour be confin'd !  
 Thro' ev'ry region let it spread !  
 Impart its blessings to mankind !  
 And by its pow'r revive the dead.

### HYMN CXXIII.

*Woe to the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture saith the LORD.” JEREM. xxiii. 1.*

WOE to the pastors saith the LORD,  
 Who scatter and destroy my sheep !  
 Tho' you should now despise my word  
 Your end will be to mourn and weep.

2 The flock you should have kept with ~~care~~,  
 Is left to stray without a guide ;  
 Behold the lion and the bear,  
 An unresisting prey divide.

3 As when some unexpected shock  
 Awakens terror by surprize ;  
 'Tis thus I will require my flock,  
 Nor shall you then escape by lies.

4 Hear this, ye idol-shepherds hear,  
 Who think of nothing but your gain ?  
 When the chief-shepherd shall appear,  
 Ye then will gnaw your tongues for pain.

5 O hear his voice while yet he speaks,  
 To warn you of your awful state !  
 The man who *here* forgiveness seeks,  
 Will find he never seeks too late.

6 When you have learn'd his voice to know,  
 You then may shew his flock the way ;  
 And when he comes he will bestow,  
 A crown that never will decay.

## HYMN CXXIV.

“ *Who will shew us any good ?* ” PSALM iv. 6.

“ WHO will shew us any good ? ”  
 Thus the hopeless worldling cries,  
 Pleasure tho' with zeal pursued,  
 Still from his embraces flies.

1 Is there nothing here below  
 Can supply the soul with food ?  
 Hear the general answer—no !  
 “ Who will shew us any good ? ”

3 Solomon the trial made ;  
 Brought all nature to the test :  
 Try’d the palace, try’d the shade ;  
 Yet he sought in vain for rest.

4 What can others now expect ?  
 What will all their projects gain ?  
 Are they likely to effect,  
 What the King has tried in vain ?

5 Must we then all hope resign ?  
 Is there nought can yield repose ?  
 Saviour, make thy face to shine,  
 This is what will heal our woes.

6 Ye who seek for peace of mind,  
 Ye who would be truly blest :  
 If you seek it here you’ll find,  
 Jesus gives his people rest.

## HYMN CXXV.

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.” Is. xxvii. 3.*

HAPPY man, he trusts in Jesus,  
 Therefore has he peace within ;  
 While dismay on others seizes,  
 Lo, he wears a smile serene.

Ev'ry sound is full of terror  
 With a conscience ill at ease,  
 For we know the path of error  
 Cannot be the path of peace.

2 Nothing now can greatly move him,  
 For the Lord upholds his steps :  
 Trials may be sent to prove him,  
 But the Lord his servant keeps,  
 Tho' he lives on earth a stranger,  
 Press'd by many foes and fears,  
 God will keep him here from danger,  
 And at length dry all his tears.

### HYMN CXXVI.

*“Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity.”* PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

WHO can tell how good and pleasant  
 'Tis when brethren all agree !  
 Then it is the Lord is present :  
 Then he meets his family :  
 When his Children walk in love  
 Then their origin they prove.

2 Let the world dispute and cavil ;  
 Brethren should abide in peace :  
 While to Zion's hill they travel,  
 Let them learn from strife to cease :  
 Pilgrims in the heav'nly road,  
 Let them seek each other's good.

3 Christ has said it " Love each other,  
 " Thus the world my people know.  
 " He that loveth not his brother,  
 " Is a child of wrath and woe."  
 Brethren let us think on this :  
 Let us prove that we are his.

4 Love is more than mere appearance,  
 Let us learn to love indeed :  
 Mutual patience and forbearance,  
 Well becomes our state and need.  
 When we stand around the throne,  
 We shall know as we are known,

### HYMN CXXVII.

*" A land that floweth with milk and honey."*  
 DEUT. xxvi. 9.

CANAAN flows with milk and honey,  
 Round the world no spot's so fair ;  
 Fruits whose price is more than money,  
 Are the fruits that flourish there,  
 Happy Isra'l ;  
 Destined all its sweets to share.

2 There eternal summer glowing,  
 Never yields to winter's force :  
 Streams of living water flowing.  
 All enliven in their course ;  
 Streams that issue  
 From a never-failing source.

3 Trees of life spontaneous growing,  
 There on every side are found,  
 Softest breezes ever blowing,  
 Rich with fragrance breathe around.  
 Sweetest pleasures  
 There in all their forms abound.

4 Canaan's sun abides for ever,  
 Her's is day without a night,  
 Darkness there approaches never :  
 All is gay and all is bright,  
 Great her glory !  
 Canaan shines with endless light.

5 When on Canaan's beauties musing :  
 Nothing seems to me so fair :  
 Ev'ry other lot refusing,  
 I would dwell for ever there.  
 Earthly treasures  
 Fading all and worthless are.

6 But when on the dangers thinking,  
 That await me in the way ;  
 Then I feel my spirit sinking ;  
 Sadness comes and deep dismay :  
 " Come not hither :"  
 Foes unnumber'd seem to say.

7 O, my soul why thus despairing ?  
 Look to God and cease to sigh :  
 In his promis'd succour sharing,  
 Thou may'st smile at danger nigh,  
 At his presence  
 All thy foes shall trembling fly,

5 O my God tho' faint and trembling,  
 Yet my soul shall trust in thee.  
 When I see my foes assembling,  
 To thy pow'r for help I'll flee :  
 And thy promise  
 Shall my hope and refuge be.

## HYMN CXXVIII.

' *By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, Yea we wept when we remembered Zion.'*

PSALM CXXXVII. I.

O ZION when I think on thee,  
 I wish for pinions like the dove :  
 And mourn to think that I should be  
 So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,  
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh :  
 Thither the ransom'd nations come,  
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground ;  
 The few that I can call my friends,  
 Are like myself with fetters bound,  
 And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day,  
 When Zion's children shall return :  
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
 And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,  
 Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet :  
 Tho' now we wander far from home,  
 In Zion soon we all shall meet,

## HYMN CXXIX.

*“ We hanged our harps upon the willows.”*  
 PSALM CXXXVII. 2.

MY harp on yonder willow lies ;  
 Silent, neglected and unstrung :  
 My cheerful songs are turn'd to sighs ;  
 Sad is my heart and mute my tongue.

2 Once I could sound the note of praise :  
 As loud as others I could sing.  
 But retrospect of former days,  
 No help in present grief will bring.

3 Unfaithfulness my God, to thee,  
 Has chill'd my heart and seal'd my tongue.  
 Thy Smiling face no more I see :  
 No wonder then my harp's unstrung.

4 But why should I give way to grief ?  
 I see my remedy at hand :  
 Does not the gospel bring relief,  
 To such as self-convicted stand ?

5 Yes, 'tis a faithful cheering word,  
 That Jesus came to save the lost !  
 This truth with richest grace is stor'd,  
 And to the vilest yields the most,

6 Here then let all my sadness end :  
 I'll take my harp again and sing :  
 My theme shall be the sinner's friend,  
 Jesus, my saviour and my king.

## HYMN CXXX.

*“ If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”*  
 PSALM CXXXVIII. 6.

THE breezes that from Zion blow,  
 Sweeter than aromatic gales,  
 Refresh me while I walk below,  
 And cheer my spirit when it fails.

2 And still as I approach the ground,  
 Where consecrated pleasure reigns ;  
 A richer fragrance breathes around,  
 To soothe the weary trav'ller's pains.

3 Such earnest of the joys to come,  
 Support the Pilgrim as he goes :  
 And make him long to reach his home,  
 Where all his toils for ever close.

4 Zion, how fair thy dwellings are !  
 Beyond what man admires the most :  
 To me they seem more lovely far,  
 Than all that fancy's realms can boast.

5 Nor would I change the hope I have,  
 That I shall reach thy blest retreats ;  
 For all that fame or wealth e'er gave,  
 Or all the store of earthly sweets.

## HYMN CXXXI.

*“ O Lord what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies.” JOSHUA vii. 8.*

WHEN Joshua saw the hosts give way,  
And fly before their conqu'ring foe :  
His soul was struck with deep dismay :  
He never looked to see it so.

2 Shall Isra'l fear, shall Isra'l yield ?  
O, who can bear the mournful sight !  
Shall Isra'l vanquish'd leave the field,  
And God's own host be put to flight ?

3 Ah ! Lord, behold thy people flee !  
The people whom thine arm redeem'd,  
Thy vanquish'd host retreating see ;  
Invincible till now esteem'd.

4 Encourag'd by this fatal day,  
How will the nations gather round ?  
Thy people will become their prey  
And Isra'l's name no more be found.

5 O let the hour be far remov'd !  
For how will then the heathen boast ?  
Will they not say, thine arm has prov'd  
Too feeble to protect thine host ?

6 Return, return O God, our King :  
Remember Lord, thy glorious name :  
O let thy presence vict'ry bring !  
And Isra'l's foes be put to shame.

## HYMN CXXXII.

*‘ Reward her, even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double.’* REV. xviii. 6.

NOW reward her, give her double :  
 Babylon is doom'd to fall :  
 ’Tis her day, her day of trouble :  
 Vain her broad and tow'ring wall.  
 Not a friend will now remain.  
 None her honour to maintain.

2 Long she hurl'd a proud defiance,  
 At the God that reigns above :  
 On her strength plac'd vain reliance ;  
 Thought she never would remove ;  
 But her triumph now is past :  
 Vengeance ling'ring comes at last,

3 Blood she shed in vast profusion,  
 Blood that flow'd in martyrs' veins :  
 ’Tis the day of retribution.  
 God to shew his justice means :  
 All the blood her servants shed,  
 God will visit on her head.

4 O ye people now forsake her,  
 Ye whom God his people calls :  
 Lest her judgments overtake her,  
 Whilst ye stay within her walls :  
 Sharers in her sin, prepare  
 In her judgments too to share.

5 Those who once conspir'd to raise her,  
     Join to bring her glory down :  
 Ev'ry friend she has betrays her,  
     All unite to take her crown :  
 Vain her broad and tow'ring walls :  
     Lo " the queen of kingdoms " falls,

6 She who by her pomp and splendour  
     Dazzled all the world around ;  
 Calls in vain—there's no defender :  
     None to plead her cause is found,  
 All her pomp and glory dies :  
     See she sinks—no more to rise.

## HYMN CXXXIII.

" *But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.*"  
 GAL. vi. 14

GROUND of my hope, the cross appears :  
     I see the " man of sorrows " bleed :  
 I bid adieu to guilty fears,  
     And in his death my pardon read.

2 And could'st thou, O my Saviour die,  
     To rescue me from endless woe ?  
 Enough ! there's none more blest than I,  
     Since thou could'st love a sinner so.

3 I leave the world its boasted store,  
     Of pleasures that must quickly end :  
 I prize its vanities no more,  
     Since I have found the sinner's friend.

4 I care not if the world revile,  
 The world that hates my master's cause :  
 The world, I know would quickly smile,  
 Were I again what once I was.

5 Then farewell world, and farewell all  
 That emulates a Saviour's claims ;  
 I'll hear him and obey his call,  
 Regardless who approves or blames.

6 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,  
 Nor then will cease to sing his love :  
 For when my voice is lost in death,  
 I hope to join the choirs above.

## HYMN CXXXIV.

*“ And thy vineyard which thy right hand hath planted.”*  
 PSALM lxx. 15.

SEE the vineyard lately planted,  
 By thine hand, O Lord of Hosts :  
 Let thy people's pray'r be granted ;  
 Keep it safe from hostile boasts :  
 Many think thy work to mar :  
 O remove the danger far.

2 'Tis thine own, thine hand has made it :  
 Hide it from the wintry blast :  
 Let no foot of beast invade it :  
 No rude hand its beauty waste :  
 Hear thy people when they pray :  
 Keep thy vineyard night and day.

3 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;  
 Let them thrive beneath thine hand :  
 Let the weak grow strong and flourish,  
 Blooming fair at thy command :  
 Let the fruitful yield thee more :  
 Laden with a richer store,

4 Further Lord, be thou entreated ;  
 Plant the barren waste around :  
 Let thy work be thus compleated ;  
 And no fruitless spot be found :  
 Let the earth a vineyard be,  
 Consecrated Lord, to thee,

## HYMN CXXXV.

*“ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.”*  
 PSALM cxix. 71.

IS it not God appoints it so ?  
 Then why should I repine or grieve ?  
 From him my trials some, I know  
 And he can all my pain relieve.

2 He sought and found me when a foe ;  
 He might have cast me down to hell :  
 But love prevail'd, and well I know  
 The love of God no tongue can tell.

3 If he could save an enemy,  
 Adopt and make his foe a child ;  
 What goodness may I hope to see,  
 When pardon'd thus and reconcil'd ?

4 If he should cross my stubborn will,  
 To wean my heart from earthly things :  
 Shall I repine and murmur still,  
 Nor learn the lesson sorrow brings ?

5 Forbid it Lord ! I come to thee :  
 My weakness and my wants thou know'st :  
 From proud impatience set me free :  
 And let me like whate'er thou dost.

HYMN CXXXVI.

“ *In thee O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be put to confusion.* ” PSALM lxxi. 1.

LORD, I put my trust in thee ;  
 Never let me know confusion :  
 Many dangers round I see,  
 Guard my soul from all delusion :  
 Thou hast brought me from the track,  
 Down to death eternal leading :  
 Satan fain would bring me back,  
 O prevent him from succeeding.

2 Satan eager to devour,  
 Wanders like a roaring lion :  
 Glad to get within his pow'r  
 Any of the sons of Zion :  
 Many souls the foe has found,  
 And by stratagem destroy'd them :  
 Many snares he spreads around :  
 Saviour teach me to avoid them.

3 O my God, my soul would cleave,  
 Only to thy word of promise:  
 'Tis by this my people live:  
 Nor can Satan wrest it from us:  
 " I will never leave my own "  
 Word of Sov'reign consolation!  
 This shall be my stay alone:  
 This my trust in all temptation.

4 Arm'd with this, I face the foe,  
 And defy his opposition:  
 'Tis the Lord will bring me thro',  
 'Spite of hostile coalition!  
 Now let earth and hell combine:  
 Calm I view their preparation:  
 Since the strength of God is mine:  
 Since the **LORD** is my salvation.

### HYMN CXXXVII.

" *But fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, and be not dismayed O Israel, for behold I will save thee from far, &c.*" JEREM. xlvi. 27.

ISRA'L shall obtain a pardon:  
 (Thus the Lord proclaims his love:)  
 He shall be a water'd garden:  
 Isra'l shall no more remove:  
 He shall come from distant lands:  
 Thus my Sov'reign purpose stands.

2 O my servant Jacob fear not :  
 I have call'd thee ; thou art mine :  
 Tho' thy glory yet appear not ;  
 It will come, thy light shall shine :  
 Object of my love and care,  
 I will save thee from afar.

3 Tho' I make an end of others :  
 Fear thou not but trust to me ;  
 Greater than the love of mothers,  
 Is the love I bear to thee :  
 Tho' all other nations fall,  
 Jacob shall survive them all.

4 Yet thou shalt not be unpunish'd,  
 Thou shalt know that I am God :  
 Tho' beloved, yet admonish'd.  
 Thou shalt feel the chastening rod ;  
 But thy night shall soon be past ;  
 And the day shall dawn at last.

5 When thy foes are all brought under :  
 When I gather all thy seed :  
 Then shalt thou be fill'd with wonder,  
 Then shalt thou rejoice indeed :  
 All thy warfare then shall cease ;  
 All thy children shall have peace.

## HYMN CXXXVIII.

*“ For the fashion of this world passeth away.”*  
I COR. vii. 31.

THOUGH all these things substantial seem :  
The world itself is but a dream,  
And soon must pass away.  
The things that variously employ :  
That yield us either grief or joy,  
Must see their final day.

2 How sweet to have our portion there,  
Where sorrow never comes, nor care !  
And nothing will remove :  
We then may hear without a sigh,  
The world’s destruction to be nigh ;  
Our treasure is above.

3 How sweet to know the Saviour’s name ?  
The Saviour who in mercy came,  
And vanquish’d all our foes,  
On him, as on a solid rock,  
Our hope is built, and stands the shock,  
Of ev’ry storm that blows.

4 Then let a world of shadows go :  
It matters not, his people know  
Their treasure still is sure :  
”Tis laid up there where nothing fades ;  
No rust consumes, no thief invades :  
And there it is secure.

## HYMN CXXXIX.

*“ And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, &c.”*  
PSALM IV. 6.

O HAD I the wings of a dove,  
I'd make my escape, and begone :  
I'd mix with the spirits above,  
Who encompass yon heavenly throne,  
I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
To the place where the weary have rest :  
I'd haste from contention and broil,  
To the peaceful abode of the blest.

2 How happy are they who no more,  
Have to fear the assaults of the fae !  
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore :  
They have left all their conflicts below.  
They are far from all danger and fear :  
While remembrance enhances their joys,  
As the storm when escap'd will endear,  
The retreat that the haven supplies.

3 Around that magnificent throne,  
Where the Lamb all his glory displays ;  
United for ever in one  
His people are singing his praise.  
How holy, how happy are they ?  
No tongue can express their delight :  
My soul, now unwilling to stay,  
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4 But why do I wish to be gone ?  
 Do I want from the danger to flee ?  
 And shall I do nothing for one,  
 Who was once such a suff'rer for me ?  
 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,  
 When thou wast “ rejected of men ”  
 And put the base wish far away ;  
 And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less my perverseness forgive ;  
 That when ease and prosperity come ;  
 Thy servant is willing to live ;  
 And his exile prefers to his home :  
 Ah Lord, what a creature am I  
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt :  
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

### HYMN CXL.

“ *My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.*”  
 HEB. xii. 5.

WHEN the Lord rebukes his servant ;  
 ’Tis to save, and not destroy :  
 ’Tis to make my spirit fervent :  
 ’Tis to give me real joy :  
 ’Tis to make me better know  
 That my rest is not below.

2 Shall I then repine at trials,  
 By my father’s love decreed ?  
 What if God had pour’d the vials  
 Of his wrath, upon my head ?

Death of sin the wages is :  
All is mercy short of this.

3 Since the Lord has giv'n me reason,  
To expect a place above,  
In affliction's sharpest season,  
Let me own that God is love ;  
Let me own that all he does ;  
From paternal kindness flows.

4 Shall I murmur at his dealings ?  
Shall I not his kindness trust ?  
Since he knows my frame and feelings,  
And remembers I am dust :  
Shall I not receive the rod,  
And confess the hand of God ?

5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition :  
O sustain me lest I faint !  
Teach me patience and submission ;  
Keep thy servant from complaint.  
And in ev'ry trying hour,  
Lord uphold me by thy pow'r.

## HYMN CXLI.

*"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."*  
EPHES. iii. 19.

LORD dissolve my frozen heart,  
By the beams of love divine :  
This alone can warmth impart,  
To dissolve a heart like mine.

2 Should thy love produce no change ;  
 Should my heart resist thy love :  
 Awful would it be and strange :  
 Then the case must hopeless prove.

3 O that love, how vast it is ?  
 Vast it seems, though known in part :  
 Strange indeed if love like this,  
 Should not melt the frozen heart.

4 Saviour, let thy love be felt,  
 Let its pow'r be felt by me :  
 Then my frozen heart shall melt,  
 Melt in love, O Lord, to thee.

## HYMN CXLI.

*“ Turn not away the face of thine anointed.”*  
 PSALM CXXXII. 10.

JESUS is the Lord's anointed ;  
 Come, eternal life to bring :  
 Lamb of God, to death appointed :  
 Isra'l's prophet, priest, and king ;  
 Object of his people's trust :  
 God, and yet allied to dust.

2 'Ere created thing existed ;  
 Blessed in himself alone,  
 Jesus was—and unassisted,  
 Made the world, by pow'r his own :  
 'Tis the building of his hands ;  
 And by him upheld it stands.

3 This is he, whom man despises ;  
 He with whom the world contends :  
 'Till the light of heav'n arises ;  
 Then its opposition ends :  
 What the sinner scorn'd before :  
 Render'd wise, he scorns no more.

4 This is he, whom heav'n confesses ;  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords :"  
 They are blessed whom he blesses :  
 Sweet the joys his smile affords :  
 Jesus is the God of grace,  
 And 'tis heav'n to see his face.

## HYMN CXIII.

*" Who is this that cometh from Edom ? "*  
 ISAIAH Ixiii. 1.

*" WHO is this that comes from Edom ? "*  
 All his raiment stain'd with blood :  
 To the slave proclaiming freedom :  
 Bringing and bestowing good :  
 Glorious in the garb he wears :  
 Glorious in the spoils he bears.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Trav'ling onward in his might :  
 'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious  
 To his people is the sight !  
 Jesus now is strong to save :  
 Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?  
 'Tis the blood of many slain.  
 Of his foes there's none remaining :  
 None the contest to maintain :  
 Fall'n they are no more to rise :  
 All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected,  
 By his mighty arm alone :  
 See the throne for him erected :  
 'Tis an everlasting throne :  
 'Tis the great reward he gains :  
 Glorious fruit of all his pains.

5 Mighty victor, reign for ever :  
 Wear the crown, so dearly won :  
 Never shall thy people, never  
 Cease to sing what thou hast done.  
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes :  
 Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

## HYMN CXLIV.

“ *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*” PSALM ciii. 1.

BLESS, my soul, the name of Jesus :  
 He is God, and he alone :  
 All thy wants and thy diseases,  
 Are to him, the Saviour known.  
 He forgives and heals thee too :  
 All the praise to him is due.

2 O my soul, how satisfying,  
 Are the joys that spring from truth !  
 Everlasting strength supplying,  
 God himself renews thy youth :  
 Thou shalt mount on eagles' wings,  
 Far above all earthly things.

3 As a father kind and tender,  
 Pitying views his children here,  
 God so pities those who render  
 To his name a filial fear.  
 They are taught in him to trust :  
 And he knows they are but dust.

4 Human life is short and wasting ;  
 Happy they whom God forgives !  
 Mercy is from everlasting,  
 And to everlasting lives :  
 They who know his name shall be,  
 Blessed through eternity.

5 Bless the Lord, ye angels bless him :  
 Praise him all ye hosts above ;  
 Ye his saints on earth confess him,  
 Objects of his grace and love :  
 Let the world his love proclaim :  
 Bless, my soul, the Saviour's name.

## HYMN CXLV.

*“ And he said, come in thou blessed of the Lord.”*  
GEN. xxiv. 31.

WELCOME hither, friends beloved :  
Ye, to whom our Lord is dear :  
They who are by him approved,  
Ever shall be welcome here :  
'Tis our privilege to know  
Those who serve our Lord below.

2 Welcome brethren, welcome hither :  
In our Saviour's name we meet :  
While we now remain together,  
May our fellowship be sweet :  
We will speak of things above,  
All our theme, a Saviour's love.

3 Thanks to him, by whose permission,  
We can meet without alarm :  
Free from human opposition ;  
Sav'd from ev'ry hostile arm :  
Though our foes are all around,  
Jesus makes our peace abound.

4 'Tis to him we owe our treasure ;  
All we have, and hope to have :  
Come ye saints, unite with pleasure ;  
Sing of Jesus, strong to save :  
Join the happy hosts above :  
Celebrate the God of love.

## HYMN CXLVI.

\* *And Jesus said unto him—To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” LUKE xxiii. 43.*

JESUS sav'd the dying thief :  
 Welcome news for one like me :  
 Now I know there is relief,  
 When the world no hope can see.  
 Sav'd by grace, by sov'reign grace,  
 By the cross I'll take my place.

2 Saviour of the dying thief,  
 Lo ! a wretch as vile as he,  
 Fill'd with shame, remorse and grief,  
 Draws his hope, O Lord from thee,  
 In the view of so much grace,  
 Can despair at all have place.

3 Nothing but the richest grace,  
 Could relieve a wretch like me :  
 This alone could reach my case ;  
 And I see this grace in thee.  
 Saviour of the dying thief,  
 In thy love I find relief.

## HYMN CXLVII.

*“ Sing, O barren.” ISAIAH liv. 4.*

“ SING, O barren,” cry aloud,  
 Thou who wast in youth rejected.  
 Lo ! thy children crowd around :  
 Thou shalt be no more neglected ;  
 Hear this word, this gracious word :  
 Lo ! thy husband is the Lord.

2 Give thy tent a larger place :  
 Go, and let its cords be lengthened :  
 Spare thou not, provide it space,  
 And let all its stakes be strengthen'd :  
 All thy troubles now shall cease :  
 No one shall molest thy peace.

3 Lo ! Thy days of shame are past :  
 Fear thou not, nor be confounded :  
 In thy God a friend thou hast :  
 One whose kindness is unbounded :  
 Hills and mountains may remove ;  
 But no change affects his love.

4 For a while thy God withdrew :  
 'Twas the time of his displeasure :  
 Short his anger is and slow ;  
 But his love, 'tis without measure.  
 Here let all thy mourning end ;  
 God himself appears thy friend.

5 God will break with his own hand,  
 Ev'ry weapon form'd to wound thee :  
 Thou shalt see at his command,  
 All thy foes to fall around thee.  
 Blest, and justified in him,  
 Thou shalt ev'ry tongue condemn.

## HYMN CXLVIII.

*“ And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing,” LUKE xv. 5.*

WHILE I wander'd Jesus sought me :  
 This was love, 'twas love indeed :  
 To his fold the shepherd brought me ;  
 With his sheep to live and feed.

2 While the shepherd was pursuing,  
 Still the foolish sheep would fly,  
 Bent upon its own undoing ;  
 And that foolish sheep was I.

3 When the foolish sheep was flying,  
 And was still resolv'd to stray,  
 What could save the sheep from dying,  
 Had the lion found his prey.

4 But the lion and the leopard,  
 Were not with such terror view'd,  
 As the good, and gracious shepherd,  
 Who to save the sheep pursu'd,

5 Yet the shepherd, constant ever,  
 Came and bore the sheep away ;  
 Happy sheep ! But never, never,  
 From the shepherd henceforth stray.

## HYMN CLXIX.

“ *If the son therefore, shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.*” JOHN viii. 36.

JESUS gives his people freedom :  
 Freedom to the world unknown :  
 Liberty from heav’n decreed them ;  
 Such as they possess alone :  
 They are free whom Jesus saves :  
 All the rest, we know, are slaves.

2 Slaves of sin—A yoke how grievous !  
 Thanks to him who made us free :  
 O that men would but believe us,  
 Happy, happy would they be.  
 They who by the truth are freed,  
 Jesus says, are free indeed.

3 But tho’ sin no more enslaves us,  
 This may well our wonder move ;  
 That to him who freely saves us,  
 So unfaithful we should prove.  
 O how base, how vile are we !  
 And how “ full of grace ” is he !

4 Grace supports us, grace unbounded ;  
 Hope would perish but for this :  
 All our hope on grace is founded :  
 O that sound, how sweet it is !  
 Sweet to those who hope have none,  
 Save what grace supplies alone.

5 Let us sing the Saviour's praises :  
 He alone could set us free :  
 And, we hope, he soon will raise us,  
 With himself in heav'n to be :  
 Let us think with joy of him :  
 Let his grace be all our theme.

## HYMN CL.

WHAT love, what pleasure, what surprize !  
 Shall fill the enraptur'd heirs of heav'n ;  
 The day the Saviour meets their eyes ;  
 The day the promis'd rest is giv'n.

2 Their love is kindled here below :  
 The author of their hope they love :  
 A purer brighter flame will glow,  
 In yonder glorious world above.

3 Of pleasure too they taste below ;  
 But pleasure not unmix'd with pain :  
 In yonder world 'twill not be so,  
 For there no sorrow will remain.

4 And if obscure and transient views  
 Of heav'nly things give such surprise ;  
 What wonder must the sight produce,  
 When God appears before their eyes ?

5 O joyful sight ! O glorious day,  
 When God the Saviour shall be seen :  
 When earthly things shall pass away ;  
 And heav'n's unchanging state begin.

## HYMN CLI.

“ *That unto me every knee shall bow.*” ISAIAH xlvi. 23.

THUS the mighty God has spoken :  
 “ Ev'ry tongue shall bow to me.”  
 Shall the word of God be broken ?  
 No, this will not, cannot be :  
 Heav'n and earth shall be destroy'd,  
 But his word shall not be void.

2 Yes, the proudest shall be humbled,  
 In the day when God appears :  
 They who at his message stumbled,  
 And against it clos'd their ears :  
 Then must see and own his pow'r,  
 Then they must, if not before.

3 While his friends with exultation,  
 See and own the Saviour's right,  
 All his foes with consternation,  
 Shall behold the glorious sight ;  
 And in that triumphant hour,  
 They must own the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Ye who live at awful distance  
 From the God who gave you breath :  
 Who can then afford assistance ?  
 Who can save you then from death ?

Kiss the son, O kiss him now ;  
To his golden sceptre bow.

## HYMN CLII.

*“Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, &c.” 2 COR. xii. 10.*

WHAT ! take pleasure in distresses ?  
Glory in reproach alone !  
He who can do this, possesses  
Something to the world unknown,  
Something that can furnish joys,  
When the world its smile denies.

2 Love to him, who once was offer'd,  
On the cross, and bore its shame ;

Who on earth a victim suffer'd,  
And a curse for men became :

Love to him can furnish joys,  
Nobler far, than earth supplies.

3 This can make reproach a blessing ;

Pain a pleasure, loss a gain :

Joyful hope in Christ possessing,

What is loss, and what is pain ?

What is shame and what is death ?

What to him who lives by faith ?

4 Far from earth he has his treasure :

’Tis laid up with God above :

What though earth afford no pleasure ?

Happy in his father’s love ;

He can smile, though all around,

Stript of ev’ry joy be found.

5 He is blest, and they who blame him,  
 Know not whence true joys arise :  
 When his master comes to claim him,  
 Then his foes will own him wise :  
 When the world exists no more,  
 Heav'n will yield him boundless store.

## HYMN CLIII.

“ *For he looked for a city which hath foundations.*”  
 HEB. xi. 10.

BEYOND the world a city stands :  
 A city this, not made with hands :  
     Where God the Saviour reigns ;  
 'Tis built for sinners, bought with blood ;  
 Redeem'd and sanctified to God ;  
     And cleans'd from all their stain.

2 The cities of the world must fall,  
 However solid, they must all,  
     The common ruin share.  
 But yonder city still appears,  
 Unchangeable thro' endless years :  
     For God himself is there.

3 Happy the people who abide,  
 Within those walls, and there reside,  
     For ever with their King !  
 Our lot we hope will be, to share  
 Their joys, and join the thousands there,  
     The Saviour's praise to sing !

4 With such a prospect should we grieve,  
 When call'd our earthly house to leave,  
 And part with all below ?  
 A nobler house is ours above,  
 From which we never shall remove :  
 Our God ordains it so.

## HYMN CLIV.

*“ Let us break their bands asunder, &c.”*  
 PSALM ii. 3.

“ LET us break their bands asunder :  
 “ Let us cast their cords away,  
 Hear these words, my soul, and wonder :  
 What is this the people say ?  
 Will they join against the Lord ?  
 Join to fight agatnst his word ?

2 O ye people, why this madness ?  
 Why contend against the strong ?  
 Soon your joy must end in sadness,  
 All your hopes expire 'ere long :  
 Think, O think with whom you fight  
 Him whose arm is cloth'd with might.

3 See he sits, your efforts viewing,  
 With a smile of conscious strength :  
 Why your frantic schemes pursuing ?  
 As though God would fail at length :  
 Look at heav'n, - and then despair ;  
 Can he fail, whose throne is there ?

4 Thus saith God of his anointed :  
 “ He shall reign on Zion’s hill ”  
 Thus Jehovah has appointed :  
 He who works his sov’reign will.  
 This his further pleasure is,  
 That the heathen should be his.

5 Vain is human opposition :  
 God is stronger than his foes,  
 Treats resistance with derision,  
 And his pow’r by vict’ry shews,  
 When he stretches out his hand,  
 Who his purpose can withstand ?

## HYMN CLV.

“ *So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper.* ”  
 HEB. xiii. 6.

OFT as I look upon the road,  
 That leads to yonder blest abode,  
 I feel distress’d and fearful :  
 So many foes the passage throng,  
 I am so weak, and they so strong.  
 How can my soul be cheerful ?

2 But when I think of him, whose pow’r  
 Can save me in a trying hour.  
 And place on him reliance :  
 My soul is then ashamed of fear ;  
 And though ten thousand foes appear,  
 I bid them all defiance.

3 The dang'rous road I then pursue,  
 And keep the glorious prize in view ;  
     With joyful hope elated :  
 Strong in the Lord, in him alone ;  
 Where he conducts I follow on,  
     With ardour unabated.

4 O Lord, each day renew my strength,  
 And let me see thy face at length.  
     With all thy people yonder :  
 With them in heav'n thy love declare,  
 And sing thy praise for ever there,  
     With gratitude and wonder.

## HYMN CLVI.

*“ And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.”*  
 MARK xiv. 64.

O REVOKE the fatal sentence !  
 What has Jesus done amiss ?  
 Soon you'll mourn in deep repentance ;  
 Mourn a deed so black as this :  
 Think, O think on what you're doing !  
 Drawing down vindictive fire :  
 In his blood, your hands imbruining ;  
 Blood that God will soon require.

2 O unwise, ungrateful nation !  
 Will ye crucify your King ?  
 When you write his accusation,  
 What's the charge you have to bring ?

True, he says he comes from heaven;  
 True, he boasts the highest name;  
 But the proofs that he has given,  
 Fully vindicate his claim.

3 Stop, O stop ! and closely view him?  
 View the man whom ye reject.  
 Foolish people ! not to know him :  
 Not to know the Lord's elect :  
 Search the Prophets, ask of Moses :  
 Let their evidence be heard :  
 Each in turn the deed opposes :  
 All bear witness to his word.

4 'Tis in vain, ye still deny him :  
 Rage has lock'd up reason's pow'rs ;  
 Still ye cry out " Crucify him,  
 " Be his blood on us and ours."  
 Why on truth this bold reliance ?  
 Truth knows nothing of the deed :  
 God accepts the proud defiance :  
 It shall be as you have said.

5 Lo ! From you the kingdom wrested,  
 Shall on others be bestow'd :  
 You, of all your rights divested,  
 Long shall feel the arm of God.  
 Far from the beloved city,  
 Isra'l's tribes their days shall waste :  
 None shall spare, and none shall pity.  
 Till they own their King at last.

## HYMN CLVII.

*“ But also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.” ACTS xxi. 13.*

1 O FOR a martyr’s glowing zeal !  
He fears no danger, shuns no pain.  
He stands oppos’d to earth and hell,  
And tells them all their threats are vain.

2 See where the faithful champion stands :  
Undaunted by his num’rous foes ;  
He listens to his Lord’s commands,  
And life itself for him foregoes.

3 The kindling flames around him blaze :  
His courage stands the awful test.  
The dying saint no fear betrays,  
Nor does he ask his foes for rest.

4 His treasure they cannot destroy :  
And while they think to cast him down,  
They do but hasten on his joy,  
And brighten his celestial crown.

5 “ Farewell, he cries, to all below ;  
“ I mount to yonder blest abode :  
“ To join the saints in heav’n I go,  
“ To dwell for ever with my God.”

6 How blest are they whose work is done :  
Who now enjoy the glorious prize :  
Be this our care, the race to run :  
That we may know and share their joys.

## HYMN CLVIII.

*“ Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers.”*

“ COME, my people, to your chambers;  
 “ Lo ! The day of wrath draws nigh.”  
 Thus the Lord his saints remembers,  
 Bidding them from danger fly.  
 When he comes in indignation :  
 Comes to scourge a guilty land :  
 Then his people, from their station ;  
 See, but do not feel his hand.

2 Happy people, thus protected !  
 Happy, whom the Lord secures !  
 O ye saints, by man rejected !  
 Sing for joy, this lot is yours.  
 Tho' the worldling's hope should fail him,  
 Yours is one that never will :  
 When ten thousand fears assail him,  
 You may trust, and fear no ill.

3 Yea, in that more awful season,  
 When the heav'ns shall pass away ;  
 Saints, ev'n then shall have no reason,  
 For confusion or dismay :  
 He who sought them here, and found them,  
 Will secure them from alarm :  
 And while nature flames around them,  
 They shall then sustain no harm.

4 O may we be found among them ?  
 Now, and when the Lord appears :  
 Though the world should slight and wrong them ;  
 One there is, who counts their tears :  
 Pilgrims now, on earth, and strangers,  
 Yet the saints are truly blest :  
 God will save them here from dangers,  
 And in heav'n will give them rest.

## HYMN CLIX.

*“ But fear thou not, O Jacob my servant.”*  
 JEREM. xlvi. 28.

'TIS the time of Isra'l's trouble :  
 Lo ! The enemy is chief :  
 Yet shall Isra'l have the double :  
 Double joy for all his grief.

Isra'l's Saviour  
 Will appear, and bring relief.

2 Isra'l's foes rejoice to see him,  
 Forc'd to bow to their command :  
 Who, they say, shall ever free him ?  
 Who shall save him from our hand ?  
 Can Jehovah  
 Now restore them to their land ?

3 Yes, tho' Isra'l were removed,  
 To the world's remotest end :  
 Know ye, Isra'l is beloved :  
 Isra'l has a faithful friend :  
 He will save him,  
 And with pow'r his cause defend.

4 Yes, Jehovah will restore him :  
 Isra'l yet shall have his day :  
 Darkness shall be light before him :  
 Ev'ry obstacle give way :  
 And Jehovah  
 Will his enemies repay.

5 Isra'l then shall fear no dangers,  
 Sav'd from ev'ry hostile hand :  
 Dwelling far from foes and strangers,  
 And increasing as the sand :  
 Joys abounding  
 Thro' his peaceful happy land.

## HYMN CLX.

“ *Enter ye in at the strait gate, &c.*” MAT. xiii.

THERE is a way that leads to death,  
 A way that many go :  
 In spite of all that wisdom saith,  
 In spite of future woe.

2 This way is smooth, 'tis fair, and broad,  
 'Tis pleasant to the sight.  
 But woe to those, who take this road !  
 It leads to endless night.

3 Another way there likewise is,  
 That leads to joys above :  
 But few alas, will travel this ;  
 'Tis not the way they love.

4 This road is rough and narrow too ;  
 Nor does it please the eye :  
 But tho' 'tis difficult to go ;  
 Its end is certain joy.

5 How blest are they whose feet are found  
 In wisdom's sacred way :  
 They soon shall reach the happy ground,  
 And there for ever stay.

6 Where sorrow ends in purest joys :  
 Where no complaint remains :  
 Where hope, before its object dies,  
 And love triumphant reigns.

### HYMN CLXI.

*“ For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.” HEB. x. 4.*

THO' all the beasts that live and feed,  
 Upon a thousand hills should bleed :  
 Tho' all their blood should flow :  
 The sacrifice would be in vain :  
 The stain of sin would still remain :  
 Sin is not cancel'd so.

2 A “ better sacrifice ” than these  
 Must bleed, in order to appease  
 The anger of the Lord :  
 No blood has virtue to atone,  
 For man's offence, but his alone,  
 Whose title is THE WORD.

3 His who could say, tho' stil'd a son,  
 " My father and myself are one."

His only could atone.

His who Jehovah's " fellow " stood ;  
 Who claim'd equality with God :  
 And made the world alone.

4 He came, in love to sinners came :  
 Eternal honour to his name !

He bow'd his head and di'd.

A full atonement now is made ;  
 The ransom by his death is paid,  
 And justice satisfi'd.

5 What news is this ? How sweet to hear ?

Tho' sinners, we may now draw near,  
 To God, the righteous God.

The obstacles that stood before  
 To bar the way, are now no more  
 Since Jesus shed his blood.

6 Eternal honour be to him,

Who plann'd the great, the gracious scheme,  
 And found the ransom too,  
 Let all his saints their voices raise,  
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise,  
 While endless ages flow.

## HYMN CLXII.

*“ Awake Psaltery and Harp.”* PSALM cviii. 2.

JESSE'S son awakes the lyre :  
 Listen while the Psalmist sings :  
 His the spirit's sacred fire :  
 All his theme, the King of Kings.

2 Others sing of worldly things :  
 Themes like these to men belong :  
 But when Isra'l's Psalmist sings :  
 Sacred themes inspire his song.

3 Listen, listen while he sings :  
 Jesus is his glorious theme :  
 Jesus is the King of Kings :  
 'Tis his joy to sing of him.

4 How should we delight to hear,  
 Strains that hope and love impart ?  
 Strains of joy for mortal ear ;  
 Strains that captivate the heart.

5 Son of Jesse sound the lyre ;  
 Bear our willing souls along :  
 Thine the prophet's holy fire :  
 Thine his theme, and thine his song.

## HYMN CLXIII.

*“ Sing, O barren, &c.” ISAIAH liv. 1.*

“ SING, O barren”—sing aloud ;  
 Thou who wast rejected :  
 Lo ! thy children, like a cloud,  
 Soon shall be collected :  
 Lo ! they come, thy children come :  
 Spread thy tent, and give them room.

2 None shall slight thee after this :  
 None again upbraid thee :  
 For the **Lord** thy husband is :  
 He himself who made thee :  
 Thou shalt henceforth bear his name :  
 He will take away thy shame.

3 Thou hast been afflicted long :  
 Long been unbefriended :  
 Thou hast borne reproach and wrong :  
 But those days are ended :  
 Thou shalt no more taste of woe :  
 Thou shalt no more fear the foe.

4 Ev’ry danger, ev’ry harm,  
 Shall be now averted :  
 Thou shalt see a mighty arm,  
 In thy cause exerted.  
 God himself thy friend appears,  
 God, thy Lord, will dry thy tears,

## HYMN CLXIV.

*“ Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.”*

JEREM. ii. 2.

O WHERE is now that glowing love,  
That mark'd our union with the Lord ?  
Our hearts were fix'd on things above :  
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 So strange did love like his appear,  
That love that made him bear the cross,  
No other subject pleas'd our ear :  
The world for this appear'd but loss.

3 Where is the zeal that led us then,  
To make our Saviour's glory known ?  
That freed us from the fear of men,  
And kept our eye on him alone.

4 Where are the happy seasons spent,  
In fellowship with him we lov'd ?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we prov'd ?

5 To thee, our God, we own our sin :  
Of thee we have forgetful prov'd :  
As one who leaves her Lord, we've been :  
As one unfaithful, though belov'd.

6 Behold, again we turn to thee :  
 O cast us not away tho' vile !  
 No peace we have, no joy we see,  
 O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

7 And O renew our former love :  
 Yea let it never cease to grow ;  
 Till brighten'd and refin'd above,  
 A pure celestial flame it glow.

## HYMN CLXV.

*“ Ho, every one that thirsteth !” ISAIAH lv. 1.*

HO, ye thirsty ! Here's a spring,  
 Open'd by the King of heav'n,  
 Ye who nothing have to bring,  
 Here are waters freely giv'n,  
 Whither would you go, O whither !  
 Here's the spring of life, come hither.

2 Come ye thirsty, here's the spring,  
 Whence the living waters flow :  
 Hear the message of a King :  
 Whither, whither would you go ?  
 'Tis in Zion's sacred mountain,  
 Men will find the living fountain.

3 Hearken, O ye sons of men ?  
 Stop in time, O stop and think !  
 You will thirst, and thirst again,  
 While at other springs ye drink :  
 This alone is satisfying :  
 Everlasting life supplying.

## HYMN CLXVI.

*“Behold the man!” JOHN xix. 5.*

**BEHOLD** the man ! How glorious he !  
 Before his foes he stands unaw'd,  
 And without wrong or blasphemy,  
 He claims equality with God.

2 *Behold the man !* By all condemn'd :  
 Assaulted by an host of foes :  
 His person and his claim contemn'd :  
 A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 *Behold the man !* He stands alone ;  
 His foes are ready to devour :  
 Not one of all his friends will own,  
 Their master in this trying hour.

4 *Behold the man !* Though scorn'd below,  
 He bears the greatest name above :  
 The angels at his footstool bow,  
 And all his royal claims approve.

5 *Behold the man !* A pris'ner now.  
 And with transgressors doom'd to die :  
 A crown shall soon adorn his brow,  
 A crown of glory and of joy.

6 *Behold the man !* The world is his,  
 Yet who on earth so poor as he ?  
 For others he submits to this :  
 For them he stoops to poverty.

7 *Behold the man!* He knew no sin :  
 Yet justice smites him with her sword :  
 He bears the stroke that else had been,  
 The sinner's portion from the Lord.

8 *Behold the man!* So weak he seems,  
 His awful word inspires no fear :  
 But soon must he, who now blasphemers,  
 Before his judgment seat appear.

9 *Behold the man!* A King he is :  
 His throne is built in heav'n above :  
 And there, the people who are his,  
 Shall see his face, and sing his love.

## HYMN CLXVII.

“ *And the ransom'd of the Lord, shall return and come to Zion with songs.*” ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

SEE the ransom'd, they're returning ;  
 From their long captivity.  
 They have bid adieu to mourning ;  
 Since their King has set them free :  
 They are going.  
 Where they long desired to be.

2 Long their harps were seen suspended,  
 On the willows, and unstrung :  
 Till the days of mourning ended,  
 Zion's children never sung :  
 Grief restrain'd them ;  
 And their harps had idle hung.

3 They who lately pin'd in sadness ;  
 They who would not, could not sing ;  
 Now are fill'd with joy and gladness ;  
 Now awake the silent string :

Zion's children

Sing the praises of their King.

4 He who pleads their cause is stronger,  
 Than the foe that held them fast.  
 They are captives now no longer,  
 Lo ! Their day is come at last.

Zion's children

Know the time of grief is past.

5 He who rules the savage lion ;  
 He whom all the beasts obey ;  
 Guards the road that leads to Zion :  
 Guards it from the beasts of prey :

Thus his people

Pass securely by the way.

6 Lo ! they come, to Zion hastening ;  
 Zion object of their love :  
 Joy and glory everlasting,  
 Is their portion from above.

Zion's children

Shall no more again remove.

## HYMN CLXVIII.

*“ His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.”* PSALM xciii. 1.

SEE, he comes, his work is done :  
 See the victor coming !  
 Laden with the spoils he won :  
 Fresh his honours blooming.  
 This is he whom many foes  
 Threaten'd and assaulted :  
 But above them all he rose ;  
 Now the more exalted.

2 JESUS, is the victor's name,  
 JESUS, Lord of glory :  
 Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame :  
 Tell the joyful story :  
 Make the Saviour's triumph known :  
 Let the nations hear it.  
 He alone deserves the crown :  
 He alone shall wear it.

3 JESUS comes, he won the day :  
 Go ye forth to meet him :  
 Bring the palm, and strew the way,  
 And with singing greet him :  
 Well his people now may sing :  
 Sing with exultation :  
 Since the victor is their king,  
 And he brings salvation.

## HYMN CLXIX.

4 *In that day there will be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, &c."* ZECH. xiii. 1.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace!  
Grace for sinners, grace for me.  
To this source alone I trace,  
All I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeem'd ;  
Sav'd and rescued by the Lord :  
Hating what I once esteem'd ;  
Loving what I once abhor'd.

3 What I hope to be, ere long,  
When I take my place above ;  
When I join the heav'nly throng ;  
When I see the God of love.

4 Then, I hope, like him to be,  
Who redeem'd his saints from sin :  
Whom I now obscurely see,  
Through a veil that stands between.

5 When I see him as he is,  
No corruption can remain :  
Such their portion who are his :  
Such the happy state they gain.

6 Blessed fountain, full of grace !  
Grace for sinners, grace for me :  
To this source alone I trace,  
All I am, and hope to be.

## HYMN CLXX.

*“ Ask ye of the Lord rain, &c.” ZECH x. 1.*

THE former and the latter rain,  
Was Isra’l’s portion from the Lord :  
Did he his gracious hand restrain.  
No produce would the field afford.

2 'Twas thus the Lord his people shew’d  
That all they had was from above :  
That from himself their comforts flow’d,  
And all depended on his love.

3 If he should have withheld his hand,  
And first or last refused to give :  
Their fields unfruitful would remain ;  
Their stores no harvest would receive.

4 'Tis still the same, his people now  
Depend upon his care and love :  
'Tis only then they live and grow,  
When he supplies them from above.

5 Their fruitfulness on him depends :  
The seed and culture are in vain ;  
Unless the rain of heav’n descends :  
The former and the latter rain.

## HYMN CLXXI.

*“ Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God’s elect ? ”*

WHO shall condemn the Lord’s elect ?  
 Or what their safety shall effect ?  
 No matter who in judgment sits  
 On those whom God himself acquits.

2 His saints find favour in his eyes :  
 ’Tis God himself that justifies ;  
 He cancels ev’ry charge with blood :  
 His people they, himself their God.

3 Who shall condemn ? ’tis Christ that di’d :  
 ’Tis Christ our Lord was crucifi’d :  
 Yea rather, who is ris’n again :  
 His work, his off’ring not in vain.

4 Who ev’n is plac’d at God’s right hand,  
 While wond’ring angels round him stand :  
 Who maketh intercession there,  
 For all his ransom’d people here.

5 What then shall part us from his love ?  
 Shall ought below, or ought above ?  
 Nay, since the Saviour died and rose,  
 His saints shall vanquish all their foes.

## HYMN CLXXII.

*“Who hath believed our report?” ISAIAH liii. 1.*

WHO, where are they who have believ'd,  
 Th' offensive truth that God approves?  
 His testimony have receiv'd,  
 And own'd the character he loves?

2 In him mankind no beauty sees,  
 Whom God the Father sends and seals:  
 He has no charms the world to please;  
 In whom the Spirit fully dwells.

3 Messiah's claims are set at nought:  
 He lives rejected, and contemn'd:  
 And when he dies, he then is thought,  
 By justice and by truth condemn'd.

4 As *he* was once, *his Truth* is now:  
 Rejected and despis'd of men:  
 Loving or hating *that*, we shew  
 How, we'd have view'd the Saviour then.

5 Who, who are they who now believe,  
 The truth that men revile and hate?  
 Who thence their peace and hope receive,  
 And for the Saviour's coming wait?

6 His people are, as he was here,  
 An object of contempt to men:  
 And when he shall again appear,  
 They shall be like their master then.

## HYMN CLXXIII.

*“ The Lord is good.” NAHUM i. 7.*

YES ! “ The **LORD** is good,” I know it :  
 I have prov’d it from my youth :  
 All his gracious dealings shew it :  
 Shew the soul-reviving truth :  
 Tho’ all others silent stood,  
 I should say “ The Lord is good.”

2 Long ere yet I had a being,  
 He, to whom all things are known,  
 Knew what I should be, and seeing,  
 I should perish, left alone :  
 Then my soul with mercy view’d :  
 This declares “ The **LORD** is good.”

3 While I liv’d in mad defiance  
 Of his pow’r who gave me breath :  
 Though my soul had made alliance,  
 And was leagu’d with hell and death :  
 Yet his gracious purpose stood :  
 This declares “ The **LORD** is good.”

4 Since, thro’ grace, I’ve learn’d to know him,  
 What forbearance has he shewn ?  
 I have been unfaithful to him,  
 Yet his mercy is not gone :  
 What he bore, no other would :  
 ’Tis a truth “ The **LORD** is good.”

5 Of this truth I'm oft forgetful,  
 And repine against his will:  
 Yes, my heart is most deceitful,  
 Yet he spares and pardons still.  
 And in yonder blest abode,  
 I shall sing "The **LORD** is good."

## HYMN CLXXIV.

"*And base things of the world, hath God chosen.*"  
 1 COR. i. 28.

I NEED not blush to own that he,  
 On whom my hope of heav'n is built;  
 Was crucified on yonder tree:  
 Since 'tis his blood that cancels guilt.

2 Nor need I blush to call him **LORD**!  
 Whom heav'n adores with all its hosts:  
 Yes, Jesus is by heav'n ador'd:  
 In him the brightest seraph boasts.

3 What, though the world no glory sees,  
 In him my soul admires and loves:  
 I wonder not—how should he please,  
 The man who of himself approves?

4 I too, could boast of merit once:  
 And Jesus had no charms for me:  
 But all such claims I now renounce.  
 No merit but in him I see.

5 He is my refuge, and my boast :

The LOR<sup>D</sup>, my righteousness and strength :  
Through whom, tho' now by tempests toss'd,  
I hope to enter heav'n at length.

6 There to behold that glory near,

Which at a distance now I see :  
And undisturb'd by pain or fear,  
Repose throughout eternity.

### HYMN CLXXV.

*“Blessed is he whose iniquity is forgiven.”*

PSALM XXXII. 1.

How blest is he, whom God forgives !

The man who, by his favour, lives,  
And hopes to see his face.

The child of God, by heav'nly birth,  
He scorns the highest place on earth,  
For yonder higher place.

2 The God he serves, is God alone ;

He fills yon bright, eternal throne,  
The pow'r and kingdom his.

He rules, he reigns with sov'reign sway ;  
And they who will not, must obey :  
His arm almighty is.

3 When he forgives, then peace is felt :

That peace that cannot dwell with guilt :

The sacred peace of God :  
And hope, that lifts the soul on high ;  
That points to yonder world of joy ;  
And lightens ev'ry load.

1 How blest is he whom God forgives ;  
The man who by his favour lives !

In hope already blest.

But O what joys await him there,  
Where sav'd from sin, from toil, from fear,  
He gains his heav'nly rest !

## HYMN CLXXVI.

*“ The Lord hath done that which he had devised.”*  
LAM. ii. 17.

AND is it here the Temple stood,  
The Temple of the living God,  
A structure once so splendid ?  
Its stately frame is seen no more,  
Its vessels gone, with all its store,  
Aad all its glory ended.

2 Should any ask, why this is so :  
Why Isra'l's glory lies so low :  
And Isra'l's foes are stronger,  
'Tis Isra'l's God that gives them strength ;  
For Isra'l's sin was such at length,  
That he could spare no longer.

3 For this, the Temple fam'd so long :  
The poet's, and the prophet's song,  
Nor honour has nor pity :  
The city too in ruins lies,  
That lately was so full of joys,  
God's own beloved city.

4 But let not Isra'l's foes be glad,  
 To see the people fall'n and sad :  
 They shall not mourn for ever,  
 The Lord will cancel Isra'l's guilt.  
 The Temple shall again be built :  
 The Lord will yet deliver.

5 That house the former shall exceed :  
 Its fame throughout the world shall spread,  
 The theme of future story :  
 The covenant's great messenger,  
 Within it shall himself appear,  
 And fill it with his glory.

### HYMN CLXXVII.

“ *And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.* ”  
 MARK xiv. 64.

ON other points they may divide,  
 On this they're all agreed ;  
 By acclamation they decide,  
 That Jesus ought to bleed.

2 And why ? what evil hath he done ?  
 They cannot surely tell :  
 His foes themselves are forc'd to own,  
 “ He doeth all things well.”

3 Yet, he must die : his blood alone,  
 Can satisfy his foes :  
 For well they know, till he is gone,  
 They never can repose.

4 They cannot bear the glorious light :  
 It dazzles and confounds :  
 In Jesus, it appears so bright ;  
 Their hatred knows no bounds.

5 " Away with him, away with him,"  
 With frantic zeal they cry,  
 Before our face, he dares blaspheme :  
 'Tis fit that he should die,

6 'Tis thus the scriptures are fulfill'd,  
 And mercy's work is done :  
 The Lord, by wicked hands, is kill'd ;  
 And dying saves his own.

### HYMN CLXXVIII.

" *For he knoweth our frame, &c.*" PSALM ciii. 14.

MY father knows my feeble frame ;  
 He knows how poor a worm I am ;  
 He knows, he knows it all.  
 The least temptation serves to draw,  
 My footsteps from my father's law,  
 And make me slide and fall.

2 Of this I give him daily proof,  
 And yet he does not cast me off ;  
 But owns me still as his.  
 He spares, he pities, he forgives,  
 The most rehellious child that lives :  
 So great his goodness is.

3 And shall I thence a pretext draw,  
Again to violate his law ?

My soul revolts at this :  
I'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
And beg, that I may sin no more,  
Against such love as his.

4 O love divine ! Eternal source  
Of good to man, I mark thy course ;  
I mark it with delight.  
To Bethlehem I follow thee,  
And there the wond'rous babe I see :  
A cheering glorious sight.

5 I trace thee then to Calvary,  
And there the man of sorrows see :  
His body bath'd in blood :  
The stream I follow'd from its source,  
Now pours with a resistless force,  
A rapid swelling flood.

6 Its waters health and healing bring :  
They make the waste rejoice and sing :  
Their progress thus we trace.  
They pour their virtues thro' the earth ;  
They fill the world with sacred mirth ;  
And gladden ev'ry place.

## HYMN CLXXIX.

*"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."* ISAIAH xliii. 4.

THUS saith the Lord to Jacob's seed ;  
 In me the mighty God rejoice :  
 No hostile weapon shall succeed,  
 Against the people of my choice.

2 When through the waters thou shalt go ;  
 And through the fire thy way shall be :  
 The waters shall not overflow,  
 Nor shall the flames e'er injure thee.

3 When many foes assemble round,  
 In hopes to make my people fall ;  
 Their counsels I will then confound,  
 And bring destruction on them all.

4 He who shall touch the chosen seed,  
 Toucheth the apple of mine eye :  
 'Tis mine my people's cause to plead ;  
 And I their advocate am nigh.

5 Then fear not Isra'l, thou art mine :  
 Rejoice and triumph in my name :  
 My strength, and righteousness are thine ;  
 Thou never shalt be put to shame.

## HYMN CLXXX.

*“ Casting all your care upon him.” I PETER v. 7.*

THE privilege I greatly prize,  
Of casting all my care on him,  
The mighty God, the only wise,  
Who reigns in heav’n and earth supreme.

2 How sweet to be allow’d to call  
The God whom heav’n adores, my friend ;  
To tell my thoughts, to tell him all ;  
And then to know my pray’rs ascend !

3 Yes, they ascend ; the feeblest cry  
Has wings that bear it to his throne ;  
The pray’r of faith ascends the sky.  
And brings a gracious answer down.

4 Then let me banish anxious care,  
Confiding in my father’s love ;  
To him make known my wants in pray’r,  
Prepar’d his answer to approve.

5 My father’s wisdom cannot err ;  
His love no change nor failure knows :  
Be mine his counsel to prefer,  
And acquiesce in all he does.

## HYMN CLXXXI.

*“A friend of publicans and sinners.” MAT. xi. 19.*

WE need not be ashamed to own,  
 That he on whom our hopes depend,  
 Though now he fills the highest throne,  
 Was still on earth, “The sinner’s friend?”

2 The title came from those who sought  
 To bring dishonour on his name :  
 But Jesus then refus’d it not,  
 Nor sought to vindicate his fame.

3 And now, tho’ yonder throne is his,  
 He bears the gracious title still :  
 Jesus, “the friend of sinners” is :  
 He owns the charge, and ever will.

4 The title that was meant in scorn,  
 He takes and binds upon his brow :  
 And thus the guilty and forlorn,  
 Are taught his character to know.

5 And while his name no charms has got,  
 For those who on their worth depend :  
 The wretched and the vile are taught,  
 To bless him as “the sinner’s friend.”

## HYMN CLXXXII.

*“The heavens declare the glory of God, &c.”*  
PSALM xix. 1.

THE heav’ns declare thy glory, Lord !  
The thousand worlds that meet our eyes,  
Abundant evidence afford,  
That thou art great, that thou art wise.

2 Who but the only wise could form,  
A world contriv’d with so much skill :  
Or who but he, whose mighty arm,  
Could execute his sov’reign will ?

3 But though the things we see around,  
Thy wisdom and thy pow’r declare ;  
No argument can there be found,  
To save a sinner from despair.

4 Not from thy works, but from thy word,  
The soul-reviving news is known ;  
That pardon may with truth accord ;  
And mercy can to man be shewn.

5 When a few seasons have revolv’d,  
The world will pass away, and then  
The works thereof shall be dissolv’d,  
And not a wreck or trace be seen.

6 Not so thy word ; it stands secure :  
The blessed truths that it contains,  
Eternal are, and shall endure,  
When nothing of the world remains.

7 And they who from thy word derive,  
Their hope, and are of thee forgiv'n ;  
The wreck of nature shall survive,  
And find eternal life in heav'n.

### HYMN CLXXXIII.

*“ And they cried out all at once, saying away with this man.” LUKE xxiii, 18.*

“ AWAY with him,” the people cry :  
Ten thousand voices rais'd on high,  
His instant death demand :  
In vain a heathen would restrain  
Their impious rage ; his voice is vain,  
And their decree must stand,

2 Are these the people who but now,  
Appear'd so forward to allow,  
The Saviour's royal claim ?  
Who fill'd the city with their cry,  
And rais'd triumphant songs of joy  
In honour of his name.

3 How much, and O how quickly chang'd !  
How suddenly from him estrang'd,  
Whom lately they extoll'd !  
Before, they rais'd him to the sky :  
They now require that he should die,  
With fury uncontroll'd.

4 And yet not chang'd ; they're still the same :  
A splendid work had rais'd his fame ;  
And led them to suppose,  
That he would now erect his throne,  
And make a conquer'd world his own,  
'Twas thence their joy arose.

5 But when they see their hope is vain,  
They join the Saviour's foes again :  
(Their minds unalter'd stood.)  
They scorn'd his blessed name before :  
But, disappointed scorn it more,  
And clamour for his blood.

#### HYMN CLXXXIV.

*"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, &c."*  
1 COR. ii. 9.

IT has not fully yet appear'd,  
What blessedness to saints is giv'n :  
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,  
Nor heart conceiv'd the joys of heav'n.

2 In heav'n itself, and there alone,  
The joys of heav'n are understood :  
Where saints shall know, as they are known,  
And shall behold the face of God.

3 The face of him, who here below,  
Appear'd and died, to save his own :  
The same who reigns in glory now,  
And fills yon bright eternal throne.

4 A sight of him his people fills,  
With transport never known before :  
They feel no want, they fear no ills ;  
And sin and sorrow are no more.

5 They view the Lord, whom angels view,  
(He there without a cloud appears)  
And praise the Lord, as angels do ;  
With joy, perhaps, exceeding theirs.

6 How blest our lot, if we are his !  
We too, shall dwell with him above ;  
Yea, we shall see him as he is,  
In yonder world of light and love.

## HYMN CLXXXV.

*“ Their Redeemer is strong : The Lord of Hosts is his name : He shall thoroughly plead their cause.”*

JEREM. 1. 31.

WHO shall protract his people's stay ?  
The day is come, the joyful day,  
When God shall set them free :  
In vain would man his work oppose,  
For God is stronger than his foes :  
And what he wills shall be.

2 Long had his people borne the yoke :  
Long bow'd beneath the oppressor's stroke.  
Their foes had long prevail'd.  
A hard captivity was theirs :  
Their bread was water'd with their tears :  
They mourn'd, and refuge fail'd.

3 Their harps remain'd without a string,  
 Amidst their foes how could they sing,  
 Their unrelenting foes ?  
 Who us'd their pow'r with cruel rage,  
 That no submission could assuage :  
 And scoff'd at Isra'l's woes.

4 Rememb'ring Zion, oft they wept :  
 Her solemn feasts no longer kept :  
 Her sabbaths now no more.  
 On better days they thought with grief ;  
 Nor could they hope to find relief,  
 'Till God's appointed hour.

5 But lo ! the day, the happy day,  
 Is come, and now they haste away,  
 In spite of all their foes.  
 The day of liberty is come :  
 With singing they regain their home ;  
 And think no more of woes.

6 Again they see the happy land :  
 On Zion's mount again they stand :  
 Again the Temple raise :  
 Once more the ruin'd walls they build :  
 And now again is Zion fill'd,  
 With pleasure and with praise.

## HYMN CLXXXVI.

*“Without shedding of blood, is no remission.”*  
HEB. ix. 22.

“ WITHOUT blood is no remission,  
Thus THE LORD proclaims from heav’n :  
Blood must flow—on this condition,  
This alone, is sin forgiv’n,  
Yes, a victim must be slain :  
Else, all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim, who shall find it ?  
Such a one as sinners need :  
To the altar who shall bind it ?  
Who shall make the victim bleed ?  
Questions these, of anxious thought :  
And with difficulty fraught.

3 Though the beasts around us feeding  
On a thousand hills, were slain :  
What would this avail ? their bleeding  
What avert, or what obtain ?  
Such a victim as must die,  
All the world could not supply.

4 God himself provides the victim :  
Jesus is the Lamb of God :  
Heav’n, and earth, and hell afflict him,  
While he bears the sinner’s load.  
'Tis his blood, his blood alone,  
Can for human guilt atone.

Joyful truth ! he bore transgression  
 In his body on the cross :  
 Through his blood, there's full remission  
 For the vilest, ev'n for us.  
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds :  
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

## HYMN CLXXXVIL

*"The wages of sin is death."* ROM. vi. 25.

**DEATH** is sin's tremendous wages :  
 This we never should forget :  
 'Tis the Lord himself engages,  
 To discharge the awful debt :  
 Sin and death together go :  
 'Tis the Lord ordains it so.

**2** Awful tidings ! who can shew us,  
 How a sinner yet may live ?  
 How can God be gracious to us ?  
 How can God our sin forgive,  
 Yet invariably declare,  
 Sin and death united are ?

**3** Come, behold a great expedient :  
 God reveal'd in flesh appears :  
 God himself becomes obedient :  
 And the curse for sinners bears.  
 'Tis a great, a gracious plan :  
 Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

4 O the wisdom of contrivance,  
 O the grace that shines therein!  
 God forgives without connivance,  
 He forgives, yet spares not sin:  
 Justice sees the victim bleed:  
 Nothing more can Justice need.

5 Whither should we go, O whither!  
 Whither from the glorious sight?  
 Truth and mercy meet together!  
 Righteousness and peace unite.  
 'Tis the cross that gives us rest:  
 Makes us safe, and makes us blest.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

“ *Hosanna to the Son of David.*” MAT. xxii. 9.

WHEN Jesus to the Temple came,  
 The voice of praise was heard:  
 The very children own'd his claim,  
 And in his train appear'd.

2 Hosannas made the Temple ring:  
 For many tongues agreed:  
 Hosanna to the heav'nly king:  
 To David's holy seed.

3 When some would have rebuk'd their zeal,  
 Thou, Lord, the thought didst check:  
 If they were harden'd, stones would feel,  
 If silent stones would speak.

Lord let the days be now renew'd,  
 When children lisp thy praise,  
 Thou art as powerful and good,  
 As in the former days.

Work Lord, on all our children's hearts,  
 And this will loose their tongues :  
 The love that heav'nly truth imparts,  
 Will animate their songs.

### HYMN CLXXXIX.

*"For we shall see him as he is."* 1 JOHN iii. 2.

TO see the Saviour as he is,  
 What can we look for more than this ?  
 Of heav'n 'tis all his people know :  
 No more is needful here below.

2 A Paradise let others feign,  
 Where all, their fav'rite good obtain :  
 Where free from all restraint and fear,  
 They feast on joys, but tasted here.

3 We ask no other Heav'n than this :  
 To see the Saviour " as he is ; "  
 To take our place around his throne ;  
 And know as we ourselves are known.

4 Where Jesus is, 'tis heav'n to be :  
 'Tis heav'n the Saviour's face to see :  
 We know, tho' all the world revile,  
 Celestial joy is in his smile.

5 The little that on earth is known,  
Makes him the object of our love ;  
And us impatient to be gone,  
To see him as he is, above.

## HYMN CXC.

## FIRST PART.

*“ O give praise unto the Lord !—To him who smot Egypt in their first-born, and brought out Israel from among them.”* PSALM CXXXVI 10, 11.

ISRA’L sery’d a cruel master :  
One in whom no pity dwelt.  
When they cried he bound them faster :  
Careless he, what Isra’l felt :  
    Thus the tyrant,  
As with slaves, with Isra’l dealt.

2 But the Lord, with all his wonders,  
    Came to make their bondage cease :  
With a voice like many thunders,  
    He demanded their release :  
    “ Let my people  
“ Serve me where, and how I please.”

3 Long the tyrant strove to hold them ;  
    Long resisted the demand :  
All their hopes were vain, he told them :  
    None should save them from his hand :  
    They should never  
Break their chains, and leave his land.

4 But no pow'r could hold them longer,  
 When the Lord proclaim'd them his :  
 Soon he prov'd himself the stronger :  
 For his arm almighty is :  
 Now he summon'd  
 Friends and foes to witness this.

5 By his awful signs amaz'd,  
 Lo ! the tyrant yields his prey :  
 While the Lord, with arm upraised,  
 Leads his ransom'd hosts away :  
 Thus Jehovah  
 Shews his pow'r, and wins the day.

6 Isra'l now, whose chain is broken,  
 Hastens from the tyrant's land :  
 Thus what God before had spoken,  
 Is accomplish'd by his hand :  
 And the tyrant  
 Forc'd to yield to his demand.

## SECOND PART.

13 " *To him which divided the Red Sea into parts,*  
 14 *And made Israel to pass through the midst of it :*  
 15 *But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea."*

WELL might Isra'l, fill'd with wonder,  
 Sing in that triumphant hour :  
 When they saw their foes brought under ;  
 When the Lord display'd his pow'r :  
 And the tyrant  
 Vanquish'd sunk, to rise no more.

2 When they saw their foes pursuing,  
 Ev'ry heart was fill'd with fear :  
 In their front the waters viewing :  
 Armed thousands in their rear :  
 Terror seiz'd them,  
 And they thought destruction near.

3 Vain their fear : for he who gave them,  
 Freedom from the tyrant's pow'r :  
 Was at hand again to save them,  
 In the dark and trying hour.  
 God their saviour :  
 God, his people's strength and tow'r.

4 By his arm the sea dividing,  
 Lo ! he leads his people on :  
 Thro' the deep their footsteps guiding,  
 Where no foot of man had gone :  
 Thus he sav'd them :  
 Thus he made his glory known.

5 'Twas not so with those who follow'd :  
 'Twas their awful doom to die :  
 By the mighty waters swallow'd :  
 In the deep behold they lie.  
 None could save them,  
 From the God that reigns on high ?

6 Well may Isra'l tell the story  
 Of that day, that wond'rous day :  
 When the Lord display'd his glory,  
 Op'ning through the deep a way.  
 " When he worketh  
 " Wh<sup>o</sup> his mighty arm shall stay ?"

## THIRD PART.

*“ To him who led his people through the wilderness.”*

RESCUED from the hand of strangers,  
 Isra'l through the desert goes :  
 Many are his toils and dangers :  
 Many too, are Isra'l's foes,  
 But Jehovah  
 All his wants and dangers knows.

2 Isra'l's heart is found deceitful,  
 Prone to murmur and complain :  
 Isra'l too, is oft forgetful  
 Of the hand that broke his chain :  
 But Jehovah  
 Turns him to himself again.

3 Through a trackless desert going,  
 Isra'l proves the Saviour's love.  
 Lo a cloud before him shewing  
 When, and whither he should move.  
 Isra'l's journeys  
 Are directed from above.

4 Though the desert be unfruitful :  
 Yet is favour'd Isra'l fed :  
 His supplies are never doubtful :  
 God provides his daily bread.  
 And his table  
 Through the wilderness is spread.

5 Where no pleasant streams are flowing,  
 In a parch'd and thirsty land :  
 Lo the rock, its maker knowing ;  
 Pours a stream at his command :  
 And his people  
 Wond'ring own his mighty hand.

6 When the foe, of numbers boasting,  
 Leads his armies to the fight ;  
 Isra'l, in the promise trusting,  
 Puts his num'rous hosts to flight :  
 And goes forward  
 In the Lord Jehovah's might.

## FOURTH PART.

*“Understand therefore that the Lord thy God give thee not this good land to possess it, for thy righteousness, &c.” DEUT. ix. 6.*

ISRA'L were thy numbers greater,  
 Than the nations all around ?  
 Wast thou wiſer, wast thou better,  
 That thy mercies thus abound ?  
 No ! thou knowest ;  
 Small and perverse thou wast found.

2 When a cruel Lord enslav'd thee,  
 And refus'd to set thee free ;  
 'Twas not thine own arm that say'd thee :  
 He had been a match for thee :  
 'Twas Jehovah  
 Forc'd him to resign his prey.

'Twas not thine own arm that brought thee,  
 Safely through the midst of foes :  
 'Twas not thine own wisdom taught thee,  
 How their numbers to oppose.  
 God was with thee,  
 When thine enemies arose.

4 Yes, the Lord would shew his glory :  
 He would make his wonders known :  
 That the world might hear the story,  
 And confess what he had done :  
 Not to Isra'l :  
 To the Lord be praise alone.

### FIFTH PART.

“ *And surely it floweth with milk and honey.* ”  
 NUMB. xiii, 27.

ISRA'L'S conflicts now are ended :  
 All his toils have reached a close :  
 Isra'l, by his God befriended,  
 Has subdued his num'rous foes.  
 Isral's portion  
 Henceforth shall be sweet repose.

2 Vanish'd is the cloud that led him,  
 By the way so many years :  
 Gone the manna too that fed him :  
 Useless now, it disappears,  
 Happy Isra'l  
 Needs no guide, no famine fears.

3 There, where Isra'l has his dwelling,  
 Fruits of ev'ry kind are found :  
 Trees all other trees excelling,  
 Rise spontaneous from the ground :  
 Milk and honey  
 In the happy land abound.

4 Isra'l, sav'd, looks back with pleasure,  
 On his conflicts, now no more  
 Isra'l's triumph knows no measure,  
 While he stands on Canaan's shore.  
 Now possessing  
 All his soul desired before.

5 Far remov'd from foes and strangers,  
 Favour'd Isra'l dwells alone :  
 Past his toils, and past his dangers :  
 All his work for ever done.  
 Peace his portion,  
 Peace, by prosp'rous warfare won.

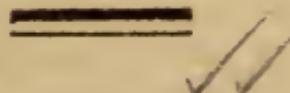
6 Happy people ! Blest for ever !  
 Isra'l who like thee is found ?  
 Whom the Lord was pleas'd to sever,  
 From the nations all around :  
 Happy people !  
 Sav'd, and now with glory crown'd !

# H Y M N S

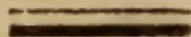
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FOR

## SOCIAL WORSHIP.



*BY THOMAS KELLY.*



### DUBLIN :

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1812.



## TO THE READER.

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THE following Hymns are chiefly selected from a larger Volume published by the Author. They are such as appeared to him at all suited to Social Worship. He has made a few Alterations in some of them ; and has added a small Number of new ones.

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# H Y M N S.

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## HYMN I.

*For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given."*  
ISAIAH ix. 6.

WE'LL sing in spite of scorn ;  
Our theme is come from heav'n :  
" To us a child is born,  
" To us a son is giv'n."  
The sweetest news that ever came,  
We'll sing, though all the world should blame.

The long expected morn,  
Has dawn'd upon the earth ;  
The Saviour Christ is born,  
And Angels sing his birth :  
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,  
We'll share their joys, and swell their songs.

3 O 'tis a lofty theme  
 Supplied by angels' tongues!  
 All other subjects seem  
 Unworthy of our songs.  
 This sacred theme has boundless charms,  
 It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,  
 Sing of good will to man;  
 No wisdom, Lord, but thine,  
 Could form the gracious plan:  
 Could find a way to save the lost,  
 Thyself not ceasing to be just.

5 Give praise to God on high,  
 With angels round his throne;  
 Give praise to God with joy;  
 Give praise to God alone:  
 'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,  
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

## HYMN II.

*“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”*  
 ROMANS xiii. 12.

The night is now far spent,  
 And day comes on apace:  
 The veil will soon be rent  
 That hides the Saviour's face:  
 The clouds now obstruct our sight  
 Will all be quickly put to flight.

2 Ye saints, lift up your heads  
 Salvation draweth nigh :  
 See where the morning spreads  
 Its radiance thro' the sky :  
 O let the sight your spirits cheer ;  
 The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Tho' men your hope deride,  
 Nor will themselves believe ;  
 Yet, in his word confide  
 Who never can deceive :  
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
 The saints shall see a glorious day.

4 For you the Lord intends  
 A bright abode on high ;  
 The place where sorrow ends,  
 And nought it knows but joy :  
 With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice ;  
 We soon shall hear th' archangels' voice.

### HYMN III.

“ *For the trumpet shall sound.*” COR. xv. 52.

HARK, 'tis the trumpet's sound !  
 It closes earthly things :  
 It echoes all around,  
 And great the news it brings :  
 It says that Jesus is at hand,  
 And bids the world before him stand.

2 The sound is heard afar;  
 It goes thro' sea and land:  
 And now—before his bar  
 Th' assembled nations stand:  
 His friends are mingled with his foes,  
 But who are his, the Saviour knows.

3 And now he calls his own  
 To dwell with him above;  
 To sit upon his throne,  
 And share his endless love:  
 With joy they meet him in the clouds,  
 And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds.

4 O that, in that great day,  
 We may with those appear!  
 To whom the Lord will say—  
 “ Ye blessed, now come near;  
 “ To you eternal life is giv'n;  
 “ Draw near, and share the joys of heav'n.”

#### HYMN IV.

“ *Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.*” 1 JOHN iv. 10.

#### LORD'S SUPPER.

WE celebrate his love,  
 Who saves from death and hell:  
 'Tis far, 'tis far above,  
 What friends or mothers feel:  
 Maternal love is weak to this:  
 No other love can equal his.

2 He died, and thence our hope :  
 He died upon the cross :  
 He drain'd the bitter cup,  
 That justice mix'd for us :  
 Sound, sound his glorious name abroad,  
 Praise ev'ry voice, **THE LAMB OF GOD.**

3 To save his foes he died :  
 For them he shed his blood :  
 And sinners, justified  
 Through him, draw nigh to God :  
**THE LAMB**, **THE LAMB** shall be our theme ;  
 Eternal honour be to him.

4 His work most glorious is :  
 Most precious is his name :  
 We leave the world for this :  
 Preferring loss and shame :  
 Nor do we ask a higher grace,  
 Than to behold the Saviour's face.

## HYMN V.

*“ O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” MAT. xxvi. 29.*

JESUS drains the cup of sorrows :  
 See, he lies beneath our load :  
 Gives his life a ransom for us,  
 And redeems us by his blood :  
 Was there ever love like this ?  
 Was there ever grief like his ?

2 Jesus is “ A man of sorrows,”  
 Here he claims pre-eminence ;  
 See him pierc’d by heav’n’s own arrows :  
 See him die for our offence.  
 We, like sheep, had gone astray :  
 Jesus takes our sin away.

3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim !  
 ’Tis the son of God that dies :  
 Heav’n and earth, and hell, afflict him ?  
 Justice claims the sacrifice :  
 Darkness now exerts its pow’r :  
 Darkness reigns this fearful hour.

4 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder :  
 Come, behold what love could do :  
 Gaze upon the victim yonder :  
 Jesus suffer’d thus for you :  
 Bid adieu to low desire :  
 Here let earthly love expire.

## HYMN VI.

“ *He was wounded for our transgressions.*” Isa. liii. 5

JESUS is the victim offer’d ;  
 On him fell vindictive fire :  
 When he died, the victim suffer’d  
 All that justice could require :  
 This is welcome news from far :  
 Why should any now despair ?

2 Now let others boast of doing,  
 We have no such plea as this :  
 Grace alone prevents our going  
 Down to hell's profound abyss.

Jesus came to save the lost ;  
 In his name alone we boast.

3 Resting on his “ Faithful saying,”  
 We are safe from force and guile :  
 On our Lord our spirits staying,  
 We may look around and smile :  
 Leaning on his pow’rful arm,  
 Who, or what, can do us harm ?

4 Fair our lot—in pleasant places,  
 God has cast the lines for us :  
 Well may we shew forth his praises,  
 Who has lov’d his people thus.  
 Of his love we’ll gladly talk,  
 By its pow’r constrain’d we’ll walk.

### HYMN VII.

‘ *Let all the angels of God worship him.*’ HEB. i. 6.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,  
 Sound the note of praise above !  
 Jesus reigns, and heav’n rejoices :  
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :  
 See, he fills yon azure throne !  
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Well may angels bright and glorious,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :  
 While on earth, he prov'd victorious ;  
 Now, he bears a matchless name :  
 Well may angels sing of him,  
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.

3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises  
 With the angels round his throne ;  
 Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us  
 To the place where he is gone.  
 Meet it is that we should sing,  
 Glory, glory to our king.

4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,  
 How he bore the cross below :  
 How all pow'r to him is given ;  
 How he reigns in glory now :  
 'Tis a great and endless theme :  
 O 'tis sweet to sing of him !

5 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens  
 All above, and makes it fair !  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms thy people here :  
 When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.

6 King of glory, reign for ever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown :  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own ;  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destin'd to behold thy face.

7 Saviour, hasten thine appearing :  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day ;  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away :  
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing —  
 " Glory, glory to our king."

## HYMN VIII.

" *That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow!*"  
 PHIL. ii. 10.

EV'R Y knee shall bow to Jesus,  
 'Tis decreed, and must be done ;  
 God ordains it, whom it pleases  
 Thus to glorify his son :  
 Honour is to Jesus giv'n,  
 All the pow'r in earth and heav'n.

2 He who without usurpation,  
 Claim'd equality with God,  
 Comes from his exalted station,  
 And with men has his abode :  
 Tho' we see him humbled now,  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 See the Lord, " A man in fashion,  
 " Of no reputation made."  
 See, he dies without compassion !  
 In the tomb behold him laid !  
 Tho' he seems deserted now,  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

4 See, the Saviour ris'n victorious,  
 Late a pris'ner with the dead :  
 O methinks the sight is glorious !  
 Jesus ris'n his people's head ;  
 Crowns adorn the victor's brow ;  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

5 See him now to glory rais'd,  
 Bearing an unrivall'd name :  
 Angels, at the sight amaz'd,  
 Worship, and confess his claim ;  
 All in heav'n adore him now :  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

6 Hark ! the trumpet loudly sounding,  
 Now proclaims the judge is near ;  
 Jesus comes his foes confounding,  
 Jesus to his people dear :  
 Lo, he comes on yonder cloud !  
 Ev'ry knee to him is bow'd.

### HYMN IX.

*“ But ye, Brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.” 1 THES. iv. 5.*

NOTHING know we of the season  
 When the world shall pass away :  
 But we know, the saints have reason  
 To expect a glorious day :  
 When the Saviour will return,  
 And his people cease to mourn.

2 O what sacred joys await them !

They shall see the Saviour then :

Those who now oppose and hate them,

Never can oppose again :

Brethren, let us think of this :

All is ours if we are his.

3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,

Be it ours his word to keep ;

Let our lamps be always burning :

Let us watch while others sleep :

We're no longer of the night :

We are children of the light.

4 Being of the favour'd number,

Whom the Saviour calls his own,

'Tis not meet that we should slumber,

We to whom his grace is known :

This should be his people's aim ;

Still to glorify his name.

## HYMN X.

*“ Not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing.” 2 TIM. iv. 8.*

WELCOME sight ! the Lord descending :

Jesus in the clouds appears :

Lo ! the Saviour comes, intending

Now to dry his people's tears.

Lo ! the Saviour comes to reign ;

Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master;

Long they felt like men forlorn:

Bid the seasons fly still faster,

While they sigh'd for his return:

Lo! the period comes at last:

All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd,

They are going to their rest:

Though the heav'ns and earth have vanish'd,

With their Lord they shall be blest:

Blest with him his saints shall be:

Blest throughout eternity!

4 Happy people! grace unbounded,

Grace alone exalts you thus:

Be ashamed and be confounded:

Sing for ever—" Not to us,

" Not to us be glory giy'n:

" Glory to the God of heav'n!

### HYMN XI.

“ *The Lord is my Shepherd.*” PSALM XXIII. 1.

JESUS is the Lord our Shepherd,

Then let fear be far away.

From the lion, and the leopard,

And from every beast of prey,

He will guard his helpless sheep;

Jesus loves his own to keep.

2 When the foe desir'd to have us,  
 Jesus said—" These sheep are mine,"  
 And resign'd his life to save us.  
 Jesus, what a love is thine!  
 All-victorious in its course,  
 Nothing can withstand its force.

3 In the path of life he leads us,  
 By the stream that gently flows :  
 In the verdant pastures feeds us,  
 Where no plant injurious grows.  
 There we hear the Shepherd's voice :  
 There he bids our souls rejoice.

4 When thro' death's dark valley going,  
 Fearful tho' the way appear,  
 We will dread no evil, knowing—  
 Thou, our Shepherd, still art near :  
 When we see thy rod and staff,  
 Then we know thy sheep are safe.

## HYMN XII.

" *For the Lord hath chosen Zion.*" PSALM CXXXII. 13.

YE who love the cause of Zion,  
 Tho' despis'd of men, and few ;  
 Arm'd with courage like the lion,  
 Fear not all that men can do.  
 What, tho' all the world oppose ?  
 God is stronger than our foes.

2 Friends of Zion, mark the promise—  
 “ Zion shall become a praise.”

Earth and hell would wrest it from us,  
 But in vain, our Saviour says—  
 Zion’s King is “ Lord of Lords,”  
 His are true and faithful words.

3 Zion’s foes may all assemble,  
 But their counsel cannot stand :  
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,  
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.  
 Who to her would ruin bring,  
 First must vanquish Zion’s King.

4 Now, ye people, walk around her,  
 View her walls and count her tow’rs ?  
 See how God, her gracious founder,  
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow’rs :  
 Zion’s children live secure ;  
 God has made their “ Dwelling sure.”

5 See her firm and deep foundation ;  
 Zion stands upon a rock ;  
 God hath call’d her walls “ Salvation,”  
 Form’d to stand each adverse shock :  
 Strength and glory here unite :  
 Zion is the Lord’s delight.



## HYMN XIII.

*“ And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord’s house, shall be established in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it.” Isa. ii. 2.*

SEE that mountain high exalted :  
 ’Tis the mountain of the Lord :  
 Much expos’d and oft assaulted :  
 Lov’d of God, by man abhor’d ;  
 Now it stands above the hills :  
 Now its destin’d place it fills.

2 O ye mountains great and tow’ring,  
 Boast no more, nor triumph now :  
 Zion’s head sublimely soaring,  
 Leaves your summits far below :  
 Know ye, this is God’s own hill :  
 Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

3 Hark, a cry among the nations !  
 “ Come, and let us seek the Lord :  
 “ Vain our former expectations :  
 “ Vain the idols we ador’d :  
 “ Zion’s King is God alone :  
 “ Let us bow before his throne.”

4 See ! from ev’ry quarter flowing,  
 Joyful crowds assemble round :  
 Love in ev’ry heart is glowing ;  
 Praise is heard in ev’ry sound.  
 While Jehovah shews his face :  
 Glory fills the sacred place.

## HYMN XIV.

*“ In the midst of the throne stood a Lamb.”*

REV. W. G.

HOPE in Christ our Lord possessing,  
 Let us raise a cheerful psalm :  
 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,  
 Be for ever to the Lamb !  
 In the midst of yonder throne,  
 Lo ! he stands, he reigns alone.

2 Praise the Lamb—his love unbounded,  
 Is the theme of praise in heav'n :  
 On his death our hopes are founded ;

For we know his life was giv'n :  
 And we trust that by his blood  
 We are reconcil'd to God.

3 Praise the Lamb—ye saints adore him,  
 You he saves from endless shame :

See, how angels fall before him,  
 How they triumph in his name ;  
 His the sceptre, his the crown,  
 His yon bright eternal throne.

4 Praise the Lamb—repeat his praises :

'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you :  
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,  
 There the subject we'll renew :  
 And in yonder glorious place,  
 We shall see the Saviour's face.

5 There, with all who liv'd as strangers  
 While on earth, we hope to be :  
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers,  
 Happy through eternity.  
 There we hope to see the Lamb !  
 And for ever praise his name.

## HYMN XV.

*“Praise ye the Lord.”* PSALM cxiii. 1.

LET us sing, for we have reason :  
 Let us join with those above :  
 Praise is never out of season :  
 Let us praise the God of love.  
 We have cause indeed to sing :  
 Jesus is our glorious King.

2 He whom angels view with wonder ;  
 He whom angels always sing ;  
 He who wields the awful thunder,  
 Is himself our glorious King.  
 O ! how blest his people are !  
 Blest who in his glory share.

3 When we reach the full enjoyment  
 Of the state where sorrows end :  
 Praise will be our sweet employment :  
 We shall praise the sinners' friend :  
 Him who wash'd us with his blood ;  
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God,

4 But how diff'rent then our praises  
 From the praise we offer now !  
 Well our coldness may amaze us :  
 When we think how much we owe :  
 But no coldness will remain,  
 When that glorious state we gain.

5 Yet our Lord accepts our praises ;  
 Ev'n the praise we offer here :  
 He, on whom th' archangel gazes  
 With delight and holy fear,  
 Hears his people when they sing,  
 And accepts the praise they bring.

6 Sing we then our Saviour's praises :  
 Sing the praise of him we love :  
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,  
 Then we'll join with those above :  
 Then, like them, unwearied sing.  
 Gloryy glory to our King.

## HYMN XVI.

*“ And the desert shall rejoice.” ISAIAH xxxv. 1.*

SEE the wilderness rejoices !  
 Lately 'twas a barren spot,  
 Let us raise our thankful voices !  
 Let us own what God has wrought !  
 Who could think of such a thing !  
 God has made the waste to sing.

2 Here, where nought but thorns and briers,  
 Lately grew and widely spread,  
 Lo the cedar now aspires !  
 Lo the cypress lifts its head !  
 Lord we own the work divine !  
 All the glory, Lord, be thine !

3 See the trees thine hand has planted,  
 Watch them with a constant care :  
 O let our request be granted !  
 Make them fruitful, make them fair ;  
 Keep, O keep them still in view !  
 Let them live and flourish too !

4 Further Lord, 'tis our desire,  
 (Turn not thou away thine ear)  
 Root out ev'ry thorn and brier ;  
 In their place let trees appear :  
 Thus from plants injurious freed,  
 Shall the desert smile indeed.

## HYMN XVII.

*“Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.”*  
 LEV. xxv. 9.

HARK the solemn trumpet sounding,  
 Loud proclaims the jubilee ;  
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,  
 Grace to sinners rich and free :  
 Ye who know the joyful sound,  
 Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?  
 Does his love your spirits cheer ?  
 Do you find him kind and gracious,  
 Still removing doubt and fear ?  
 Think that what he is to you,  
 Such he'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ?  
 Could no arm afford assistance,  
 Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?  
 Think how many still are found,  
 Strangers to the joyful sound.

4 Brethren, join in supplication,  
 Join to plead before the Lord ;  
 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
 He alone can give the word.  
 Father, let thy kingdom come,  
 Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5 'Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,  
 'Till we see him as he is :  
 Let us scorn the world's derision.  
 Let us prove that we are his :  
 Let us sound thro' all the earth,  
 Christ's inestimable worth.

## HYMN XVIII.

*“He hath filled the hungry with good things.”*  
LUKE i. 53.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

BRETHREN come, our Saviour bids us ;  
Bids us to a feast of love :  
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us,  
With provision from above :  
Ye for whom his life was giv'n,  
Come, and eat the bread of heav'n.

2 Let us think of him who bought us :  
'Tis the Saviour's own command :  
When we wander'd, Jesus sought us,  
Now he leads us by the hand  
Now he gives us hope, and says,  
We shall sing his endless praise.

3 O how much his people owe him,  
O what grace our Lord has shewn !  
Well may we surrender to him,  
All that once we call'd our own :  
Lord, we give ourselves to thee :  
Thou our guide, our master be.

## HYMN XIX.

*“ I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.”*

PSALM iv. 8.

## EVENING.

THRO’ the day thy love has spar’d us,  
Now we lay us down to rest :  
Thro’ the silent watches guard us ;  
Let no foe our peace molest :  
Jesus thou our guardian be :  
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers ;  
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers :  
In thine arms may we repose :  
And when life’s sad day is past,  
Rest with thee in heav’n at last.

## HYMN XX.

*“ These are they which came out of great tribulation, &c.”* REV. iii. 14.

SEE how many thousands yonder,  
On the Saviour’s glory gaze :  
Fill’d with love, and joy, and wonder  
While they celebrate his praise.  
Jesus is their glorious theme :  
Ev’ry eye is fix’d on him.

2 Those are they whose foul offences  
 Have been wash'd away with blood :  
 Blood that by its virtue cleanses :  
 Flowing from the Lamb of God :  
 Therefore do they now appear,  
 Praising and rejoicing there.

3 They were brought thro' tribulation,  
 In their way to yonder place :  
 Now with joy and exultation,  
 They behold the Saviour's face :  
 They are sav'd from foes and fears :  
 Jesus wipes away their tears.

4 'Tis the Lamb himself that feeds them :  
 Theirs is heav'n's eternal store :  
 He to living fountains leads them :  
 They shall thirst again no more :  
 Dwelling in the Saviour's light,  
 They shall serve him day and night.

5 Where they dwell, with full enjoyment,  
 There we hope, ere long to be :  
 Praise his people's sweet employment  
 Through a bright eternity :  
 While we still remain on earth,  
 Let us prove our heav'nly birth.

~

## HYMN XXI.

*“ I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, live.”*  
EZEK. xvi. 6

WHEN we lay in sin polluted,  
Wretched and undone we were :  
All we saw and heard was suited,  
Only to produce despair.  
Ours appear'd a hopeless case :  
Such it had been, but for grace.

- 2 As we lay expos'd and friendless,  
Needing what no hand could give :  
Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)  
Passed by, and bid us live.  
This was help in time of need :  
This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.
- 3 When he came, he found us guilty :  
We had broken all his laws ;  
When he look'd he saw us filthy :  
All corrupt our nature was.  
Thus he saw our hapless case :  
'Twas a time to shew his grace.
- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,  
When he bid such sinners live :  
Laid aside his just displeasure ;  
And determin'd to forgive.  
But he chose our hopeless case,  
With a view to shew his grace.

5 And shall we be found forgetful,  
Of the Lord, who thus forgave?  
Lord our hearts are most deceitful ;  
'Tis in thee our strength we have :  
Should'st thou let thy people go,  
They'd forget how much they owe.

6 Keep us then, O keep us ever !  
While we stand, 'Tis in thy strength :  
Leave us not, forsake us never,  
Till we see thy face at length :  
Hold thy helpless people fast :  
Save us, Lord, from first to last.

## HYMN XXII.

*Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.* NAHUM. i. 15.

SEE he comes upon the mountains,  
Bringing news of heav'nly birth !  
Mercy opens all her fountains.  
And directs the streams to earth :  
This is news to cheer the sad :  
This is news to make us glad.

2 Sing of mercy, sing with gladness :  
Let the theme our tongues employ :  
Talk no more of gloom and sadness :  
Mercy is a theme of joy :  
They, we're sure, who know not this,  
Do not know what mercy is.

3 But for this delightful subject,  
 What a waste the earth would seem !  
 Mercy now on ev'ry object,  
 Seems to shed a cheerful beam :  
 Till we knew “ the joyful sound,”  
 All was dark and waste around.

4 Mercy lightens all our crosses :  
 Mercy mitigates our pains :  
 Makes amends for all our losses,  
 And gives worth to what remains :  
 All our joys from mercy spring :  
 Let us then of mercy sing.

## HYMN XXIII.

“ *And the Lord said unto him, This is the Land, which I swear unto Abraham, &c.*” DEUT. xxxiv. 4.

WHEN we stand on Pisgah’s summit,  
 We behold yon glorious scene :  
 Canaan’s hills, we see them from it :  
 Canaan’s hills, adorn’d with green :  
 O how fair the prospect seems !  
 Richer far than fancy’s dreams.

2 While we view the land of promise,  
 ’Tis our destin’d home we see :  
 Standing at a distance from us :  
 But where soon we hope to be.  
 Yes, we trust the day is near,  
 When we shall be happy there.

3 There the King of saints appearing,  
 Consecrates the glorious place :  
 Many crowns for ever wearing,  
 There he shews his smiling face :  
 Yes, he smiles on all around ;  
 And he makes their joys abound.

4 Free from fears, and free from dangers,  
 There on ev'ry side enclos'd :  
 Far from foes, and far from strangers,  
 Unmolested, unoppes'd .  
 All his people live secure :  
 God has made their dwelling sure.

5 Oft we'll go to Pisgah's summit ;  
 While we still continue here :  
 View the glorious prospect from it,  
 And rejoice with holy fear :  
 Waiting, wishing for the day.  
 When we shall be call'd away.

#### HYMN XXIV.

*For the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. EXOD. xiv. 13.*

WHEN we pass thro' yonder river :  
 When we reach the further shore :  
 There's an end of war for ever ;  
 We shall see our foes no more.  
 All our conflicts then shall cease,  
 Follow'd by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant,  
O how sweet the prospect is !  
Tho' we toil and strive at present,  
Let us not repine at this :  
Toil and pain, and conflict past,  
All endear repose at last.

3 When we enter yonder regions :  
When we touch the sacred shore ;  
Blessed thought ! no hostile legions,  
Can alarm or trouble more ;  
Far beyond the reach of foes,  
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O that hope ! how bright ! how glorious !  
'Tis his people's blest reward :  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord ;  
In his kingdom they shall rest :  
In his love be fully blest.

5 When the sight of war alarms us,  
Let us call to mind our friend :  
He who for the conflict arms us,  
Will be with us to the end :  
'Tis enough, the war is his :  
God our King and leader is.

## HYMN XXV.

*For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c."*  
2 COR. vii i. 9.

YES, we know the grace of Jesus :  
All his people know his grace :  
'Tis a theme that always pleases,  
Those in whom the truth has place.  
Never can his friends admit,  
Ought that would diminish it,

2 Jesus saw the sinner's danger :  
Saw from heav'n and stoop'd to save :  
In the world appear'd a stranger,  
And his life for sinner's gave :  
Come, you saints, behold and see :  
Who so rich, so poor as he ?

3 This is grace, 'tis grace amazing :  
Grace unbounded, grace divine.  
Thee we should be always praising,  
Saviour, for this grace is thine.  
Thou wast poor that we might be,  
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

4 Yes, our Lord, was rich in glory :  
Yet he stoop'd and bore the cross.  
Tell ye saints, the joyful story :  
Tell how poor the Saviour was :  
If ye can, declare how low,  
Jesus stoop'd to rescue you.

5 Jesus without controversy,  
 Is the God that reigns above :  
 Source alone of sov'reign mercy :  
 God of everlasting love :  
 This is he who came from heav'n :  
 He whose life for men was giv'n.

## HYMN XXVI.

“ *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, go  
 will toward man.*” LUKE ii. 14.

“ UNTO us a son is given :”  
 ’Tis the promis’d Christ is meant :  
 Bands of angels come from heav’n  
 To announce the tidings sent,  
 Fill’d with rapture,  
 Celebrate the great event.

2 “ Glory in the highest ! glory  
 “ Be to God, and peace on earth.”  
 Now proclaim the joyful story  
 Of the mighty Saviour’s birth ;  
 Let the tidings  
 Fill the world with sacred mirth.

3 This is “ The desire of nations ”  
 Promis’d to the Church so long ;  
 Object of its expectations ;  
 Burden of prophetic song ;  
 Sing, ye people,  
 Join with heav’n’s angelic throng,

4 Lo, he comes, the Lord from heaven !  
 Lo, the mighty God appears !  
 " Unto us a son is giv'n :"  
 This is music to our ears :  
 Nothing sweeter,  
 Mortal or immortal hears,

## HYMN XXVII.

" *Behold the place where they laid him.*"  
 MARK xvi. 6.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,  
 See the place where Jesus lay :  
 He has burst his bands asunder :  
 He has borne our sins away :  
 Joyful tidings !  
 Yes, the Lord is ris'n to-day,

2 Jesus triumphs ! sing ye praises :  
 'Twas by death he overcame :  
 Thus the Lord his glory raises ;  
 Thus he fills his foes with shame ;  
 Sing ye praises !  
 Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs ! countless legions  
 Come from heav'n to meet their King :  
 Soon, in yonder happy regions,  
 They shall join his praise to sing.  
 Songs eternal  
 Shall through heav'n's high arches sing.

## HYMN XXVIII.

*“ And he shall reign for ever and ever.”* REV. xi. 15.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
 See “ The man of sorrows” now :  
 From the fight return’d victorious :  
 Ev’ry knee to him shall bow ;  
 Crown him, crown him :  
 Crowns become the victor’s brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him :  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings :  
 In the seat of pow’r entrone him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings :  
 Crown him, crown him :  
 Crown the Saviour “ King of Kings ! ”

3 Sinners in derision crown’d him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim ;  
 Saints and angels crowd around him,  
 Own his title, praise his name :  
 Crown him, crown him :  
 Spread abroad the victor’s fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !  
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords !  
 Jesus takes the highest station :  
 O what joy the sight affords !  
 Crown him, crown him :  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

## HYMN XXIX.

*"For he cometh to judge the earth."* PSALM xciii. 9.

JESUS comes, by crowds attended,  
 Heav'n the dazzling train supplies.  
 Call the dead : the night is ended ;  
 Bid the sleeping dust arise :  
 Let the ransom'd  
 Join the Saviour in the skies.

2 'Tis the day so long expected ;  
 Shout, ye saints, and triumph now :  
 See your Lord, by man rejected :  
 Many crowns adorn his brow ;  
 'Tis his triumph :  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 While dismay on others seizes,  
 Go, and share your Master's joy :  
 Sound the sacred name of Jesus ;  
 Let his praise your tongues employ :  
 Praise him, praise him !  
 Pleasures yours that never cloy.

4 Yonder mansions, fill'd with glory,  
 Is the place where Jesus reigns :  
 Go, repeat the joyful story  
 Of his love, in rapt'rous strains ;  
 For his people  
 Everlasting joy remains.

5 There around his throne assembling,  
 All his people see his face :  
 Here their joy was mix'd with trembling,  
 But in heav'n no fear has place :  
 Happy people !  
 Happy made by sov'reign grace.

## HYMN XXX.

*“ Even so, come Lord Jesus.”* REV. xxii. 20.

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster :  
 Let the glorious day come on,  
 When we shall behold our Master  
 Seated on his heav'nly throne .  
 When the Saviour  
 Shall descend to claim his own.

2 What is earth, with all its treasures,  
 To the joy the gospel brings ?  
 Well may we resign its pleasures,  
 Jesus gives us better things.  
 All his people  
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

3 But if here we taste of pleasure,  
 What will heav'n itself afford ?  
 There our joy will know no measure :  
 There we shall behold our Lord :  
 There his people  
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;  
 Swiftly bring the glorious day :  
 Jesus come, our Lord, our Master !  
 Come from heav'n without delay ;  
 Take thy people  
 Take, O take them hence away.

## HYMN XXXI.

“ *As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.* ” PSALM CXXV. 2.

ZION stands by hills surrounded  
 Zion kept by pow'r divine :  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Tho' the world in arms combine.  
 Happy Zion !  
 What a favour'd lot is thine !

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish !  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should shew displeasure,  
 'Tis to save, and not destroy :  
 If he punish, 'tis in measure ;  
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.  
 Be thou patient ;  
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

4 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright :  
 But can never cease to love thee :  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee,  
 God thine everlasting light.

## HYMN XXXII.

“ *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory.* ”  
 REV. iv. 11.

GLORY, glory everlasting,  
 Be to him who bore the cross !  
 Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting  
 Death, the death deserv'd by us :  
 Spread his glory,  
 Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,  
 Without measure, without end :  
 Human thought is here confounded,  
 'Tis too vast to comprehend :  
 Praise the Saviour !  
 Magnify the sinners' friend.

3 While we hear the wond'rous story  
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
 Sing we “ Everlasting glory  
 “ Be to God, and to the Lamb.”  
 Saints and angels,  
 Give ye glory to his name.

## HYMN XXXIII.

*“ Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude.”*

2 CHRON. xiv. 12.

MANY foes our march opposing,  
 Lord, we turn our eyes to thee :  
 All our wants and fears disclosing,  
 Helpless to thy pow'r we flee.  
 O protect us !  
 Neither skill nor pow'r have we.

2 See our foes with proud defiance,  
 Call thy people to the fight !  
 Lord, on thee is our reliance,  
 Thee, whose arm is cloth'd with might ;  
 Saviour guard us !  
 Let not thine be put to flight.

3 Not of human armour boasting,  
 Do we venture to the field :  
 In defence so feeble trusting,  
 Soon we should be forc'd to yield ;  
 God of Isra'l !  
 Be thyself our sword and shield.

4 On thy faithfulness relying,  
 We may boldly meet the foe :  
 All his boasted pow'r defying,  
 While we come defended so.  
 God will save us ;  
 This our enemies shall know.

5 Let the fainting soul be cheerful,  
 Let the timid now be brave :  
 Why should they be faint or fearful,  
 Whom the Lord delights to save ?  
 Whom he rescues,  
 Satan can no more enslave.

## HYMN XXXIV.

*“ What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him.”* MARK iv. 41.

WHY those fears ? behold 'tis JESUS  
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship :  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions  
 Where the mourners cease to weep :

2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring ;  
 Could we rest on such a shore ?  
 No, the awful truth discovering,  
 We could linger there no more :  
 We forsake it ;  
 Leaving all we lov'd before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on,  
 Only by report is known ;  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone ;  
 And with Jesus,  
 Through the trackless deep move on.

4 Led by that, we brave the ocean;  
 Led by that, the storms defy :  
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh.

Waves obey him,  
 And the storms before him fly.

5 Render'd safe by his protection,  
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste :  
 Trusting to his wise direction,  
 We shall gain the port at last ;  
 And with wonder,  
 Think on toils and dangers past.

6 O ! what pleasures there await us !  
 There the tempests cease to roar :  
 There it is that those who hate us  
 Can molest our peace no more.  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil happy shore.

### HYMN XXXV.

*“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,  
 shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”*

PSALM XC. 1.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus !  
 Sweet their portion is and sure :  
 When the foe on others seizes,  
 God will keep his own secure,  
 Happy people !  
 Happy, tho' despis'd and poor.

2 Ye whom God has sav'd from error,  
 Ye " Who know the joyful sound,"  
 Fear ye not the mighty terror ;  
 Arms of mercy close you round.  
 Dread no evil !  
 God will all your foes confound.

3 Since his love and mercy found you,  
 You are precious in his sight :  
 Thousands now may fall around you,  
 Thousands more be put to flight :  
 But his presence  
 Keeps you safe by day and night.

4 Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers :  
 Ever watchful is his care :  
 Tho' you cannot boast of numbers,  
 In his strength secure you are :  
 Sweet their portion,  
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.

5 As the bird beneath her feathers  
 Guards the objects of her care,  
 So the Lord his children gathers,  
 Spreads his wings and hides them there ;  
 Thus protected,  
 All their foes they boldly dare.

## HYMN XXXVI.

*Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and wine increased."*

PSALM iv. 7.

Far from us be grief and sadness :  
 Farther still unhallow'd mirth :  
 Zion's sons may sing with gladness,  
 Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth :  
 Jesus owns them :  
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,  
 All his labour fruitless toil :  
 'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,  
 Tho' the world their choice revile :  
 Sweet their portion !  
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,  
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love :  
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,  
 Drew our souls to things above,  
 Earthly objects  
 Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure :  
 Then the world our hearts possess'd :  
 Now we taste sublimer pleasure,  
 Since the Lord has made us blest ;  
 We can witness,  
 Jesus gives his people rest.

## HYMN XXXVII.

*“ Let your speech be always with grace.”* **COLOS.** iv. 9

SWEET and solemn be the season,  
 When the friends of Jesus meet.  
 Let the worldling boast his reason,  
 While he fills the scorner's seat :  
 Heavenly wisdom  
 Leads us to the Saviour's feet.

2 Far be idle jesting from us !  
 Sacred themes to us belong :  
 Ours the cross, and ours the promise ;  
 Subjects these for endless song ;  
 Subjects worthy  
 To employ the Christian's tongue.

3 Time is precious, well improve it.  
 Worldlings talk of worldly things :  
 Leave the world to those who love it,  
 'Tis not thence our comfort springs.  
 Jesus owns us :  
 Jesus is the King of Kings.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

*In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."* ZECH. xiii. 1.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
 Streams of living water flow :  
 God has open'd there a fountain ;  
 That supplies the world below :  
 They are blessed,  
 Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,  
 Streams of mercy find their way :  
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
 Making all around look gay :  
 O, ye nations !  
 Hail ! the long expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,  
 All-enriching as it goes :  
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,  
 Buds and blossoms as the rose,  
 Ev'ry object  
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning,  
 Yield their fruit to all around ;  
 Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,  
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound ;  
 Fair their portion !  
 Endless life with glory crown'd.

## HYMN XXXIX.

*“ For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power.” 1 THESS. i. 5.*

MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,  
 Still exerted in the word,  
 By its quick'ning operation,  
 Life impart and joy afford !  
 Life to sinners :  
 Joy to those who know the Lord !

2 Hark the voice of love proclaiming,  
 Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood !  
 Vain the schemes of human framing :  
 This alone is own'd of God.  
 'Tis the gospel,  
 Points to heav'n and shews the road,

## HYMN XL.

*“ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings.” ISA. lii. 7.*

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo the sacred herald stands :  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands.  
 Mourning captive !  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God will now restore thee!  
 He himself appears thy friend:  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end,  
 Great deliv'rance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy warfare now is past:  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double:  
 Days of peace are come at last.  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

## HYMN XLI.

*"Thou preparest a table before me."* PSALM xxiii. 5.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

SEE our Saviour spreads a table,  
 And invites his friends to eat!  
 Surely none but he is able,  
 To supply so rich a treat!  
 " 'Tis his body!"  
 Brethren this indeed is meat!

2 Come and round his board assemble,  
 Jesus bids you now draw near :  
 Ye who hear his word and tremble,  
 Banish ev'ry servile fear :  
 Come and witness,  
 That the Lord himself is here !

3 Gracious Master bless our meeting,  
 Grant us spiritual food !  
 While the word is still repeating ;  
 “ Who will shew us any good ?  
 On the people  
 Shine from heav'n thy bright abode !

## HYMN XLII.

“ *O give thanks unto the Lord !* ” PSALM CXXXVI. 1.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

O HOW pleasant, thus united,  
 To surround the sacred board !  
 While the hosts above delighted,  
 Sing the praises of the Lord ;  
 Let us join them ;  
 Be the Saviour's name ador'd.

2 When he died, the cup was finish'd,  
 That which he was call'd to take :  
 Yes, he drank it undiminish'd :  
 Drank it for his people's sake,  
 Jesus drain'd it :  
 Nothing could his purpose shake.

3 Let us thank him, let us praise him :  
 Let us sing, though well we know,  
 Nought of ours can ever raise him :  
 No, nor all that angels do :  
 Yet his people,  
 Should confess how much they owe.

## HYMN XLIII.

“ *The Lord is my light and my salvation.*”  
 PSALM xxvii. 1.

O THOU God of our salvation !  
 Jesus now enthron'd in light :  
 Look from thine exalted station :  
 Look from yonder glorious height :  
 Save thy people :  
 Put thine enemies to flight.

2 Thou wast once, like us, assaulted ;  
 Once “ a man of sorrows,” here.  
 Now to heav'n with joy exalted,  
 Thou art first and highest there :  
 Yet thy people  
 Know their pray'rs will reach thine ear.

3 Sing ye saints, for you have reason :  
 Jesus is your glorious chief :  
 In affliction's sharpest season,  
 Think on this, 'twill bring relief :  
 Sing with gladness :  
 Jesus knows and shares your grief.

4 Earthly things are transitory :  
 Empty all the world can yield :  
 Jesus gives us grace and glory :  
 Jesus is our sun and shield :  
 Fair our portion :  
 Ours a cup, with blessings fill'd.

## HYMN XLIV.

*“ Which things the angels desire to look into.”*  
 1 PET. i. 12.

ANGELS heard with admiration,  
 How th' eternal counsel ran :  
 Wonder'd at the great salvation :  
 Wonder'd at the gracious plan :  
 Angels wonder'd  
 At the love of God to man.

2 Angels with profound amazement,  
 Saw th' eternal King come down :  
 In the time of his abasement,  
 Saw the Saviour stand alone ;  
 Angels saw him  
 Then deserted by his own.

3 Angels saw the Saviour dying,  
 On the cross in love to men :  
 Angels saw his body lying,  
 In the tomb among the slain ;  
 O how awful  
 Sin appear'd to angels then !

4 Angels saw him rise victorious,  
 From the tomb in which he lay :  
 Never sight was seen more glorious  
 Than what angels saw that day :  
 When the Saviour  
 Rose, and death resign'd his prey.

5 Hark what bursts of acclamation,  
 Thro' th' eternal arches ring !  
 Angels now ascribe salvation,  
 To the everlasting King.  
 Loud their praises  
 “ Glory to THE LAMB ” they sing.

6 Praise the LAMB, ye saints adore him :  
 Ye for whom he shed his blood,  
 Bow with angels, bow before him :  
 Make his glory known abroad :  
 Saints and angels,  
 Join to praise THE LAMB OF GOD.

## HYMN XLV.

“ *He said, IT IS FINISHED.*” JOHN xix. 30.

“ IT IS FINISH'D !” sinners hear it !  
 ’Tis the dying victor's cry :  
 “ IT IS FINISH'D !” Angels bear it,  
 Bear the joyful truth on high !  
 “ IT IS FINISH'D !”  
 Tell it thro' the earth and sky !

2 Justice from her awful station,  
 Bars the sinners peace no more :  
 Justice views with approbation,  
 What the Saviour did and bore :  
 Grace and mercy  
 Now display their boundless store.

3 Hear the Lord himself declaring,  
 All perform'd he came to do ;  
 Sinners in yourselves despairing,  
 This is joyful news to you.  
 Jesus speaks it !  
 His are faithful words and true.

4 IT IS FINISH'D ! " all is over,  
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drain'd ;  
 Such the truth these words discover :  
 Thus the vict'ry was obtain'd.  
 'Tis a vict'ry  
 None but Jesus could have gain'd.

5 Crown the mighty conqu'ror, crown him,  
 Who his people's foes o'ercame !  
 In the highest heav'n enthrone him !  
 Men and angels sound his fame !  
 Great his glory !  
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

## HYMN XLVI.

*" And he led them on safely."* PSALM lxxviii. 53.

SAVIOUR thro' the desert lead us ;  
 Without thee we cannot go ;  
 Thou from cruel chains has freed us ;  
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.  
 Let thy presence  
 Cheer us all our journey thro'.

2 With a price thy love has bought us ;  
 (Saviour what a love is thine !)

Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us ;  
 Pow'r and love in thee combine,  
 Lord of glory ;  
 Ever on thine Isra'l shine.

3 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless,  
 Tho' our destin'd journey lie ;  
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,  
 We may ev'ry foe defy.

Nought shall move us,  
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discov'ring,)  
 Fearful lest we go astray ;

O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,  
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,  
 Shall direct us,  
 Thus we shall not miss our way.

5 When we hunger thou wilt feed us ;  
 Manna shall our camp surround :  
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us ;  
 Streams shall from the rock abound.  
 Happy Isra'l !  
 What a Saviour thou hast found !

6 When our foes in arms assemble,  
 Ready to obstruct our way ,  
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble ;  
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay :  
 And thy people  
 Led by thee, shall win the day.

7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor  
 Scatter ev'ry hostile hand ;  
 Be our guide, and our protector,  
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand.  
 Shouts of vict'ry  
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

## HYMN XLVII.

*“ For from the top of the rocks I behold him.”*  
 NUMB. xxiii. 9.

THE sons of Isra'l stand alone,  
 JEHOVAH claims them for his own ;  
 His cause and their's the same ;  
 He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand ;  
 Allots to them a pleasant land,  
 And calls them by his name.

2 O ! Isra'l who is like to thee ?  
 A people sav'd, and cail'd to be  
 Peculiar to the Lord !  
 Thy Shield ! he guards thee from the foe ;  
 Thy Sword ! he fights thy battle too ;  
 Himself thy great reward !

3 Fear not, tho' many should oppose,  
 For God is stronger than thy foes,  
 And makes thy cause his own :  
 The promis'd land before thee lies,  
 Go, and possess the glorious prize,  
 Reserv'd for thee alone.

4 In glory there the King appears,  
 He wipes away his people's tears,  
 And makes their sorrows cease :  
 From toil and strife they there repose,  
 And dwell secure from all their foes,  
 In everlasting peace.

5 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;  
 It makes a freeman of the slave,  
 And bids the sluggard rise.  
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;  
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly  
 To mansions in the skies.

## HYMN XLVIII.

*“ Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious.*  
I PET. ii. 7.

IF worldly thoughts so much employ,  
And worldly themes yield so much joy,  
While God is yet unknown,  
With what delight we now should speak  
Of him who came from heav’n to seek,  
And claim us as his own ?

2 From us his glory long lay hid ;  
We lov’d the world as others did,  
No portion else had we,  
But he, who first sent forth the light,  
The Lord remov’d our mental night ;  
He gave us eyes to see.

3 His love supplies a boundless theme :  
Then let us think and speak of him,  
Who saves his people thus :  
He came in mercy from above ;  
He came upon the wings of love,  
And gave himself for us.

4 Dear Saviour, let us never be,  
Before the world, ashamed of thee,  
Nor shrink from duty’s call :  
Our work to do thee service here ;  
Our hope in glory to appear,  
Where thou art all in all.

## HYMN XLIX.

*“ The bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the body of Christ.” 1 COR. x. 16.*

## LORD'S SUPPER.

IN blessed union here we meet:  
 We sit at the Redeemer's feet:  
     And eat the bread of heav'n.  
 How highly privileg'd are we?  
 And O ! how thankful should we be,  
 - To whom this grace is giv'n ?

2 To join in fellowship, how sweet!  
 With those who in the Saviour meet:  
     Enlighten'd from above.  
 How excellent the pleasure is,  
 That flows from such a feast as this,  
     Where all are join'd in love ?

3 But if such joy, is found to flow,  
 From sacred fellowship below,  
     Then what must heaven be ?  
 Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,  
 And dwell in happiness compleat,  
     Throughout eternity ?

## HYMN L.

*“Who coverest thyself with light.”* PSALM civ. 2.

SEE where the Lord his glory spreads,  
Thro’ yonder mansions fill’d with light !  
His least perfection far exceeds  
The reach of fancy’s boldest flight.

2 Around his everlasting throne  
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing :  
They worship him as God alone,  
And crown him everlasting king.

3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours ;  
’Tis Jesus fills the throne above ;  
Ye cannot fail while God endures ;  
Ye cannot want while God is love.

4 Come then, and swell the note of praise,  
In Jesu’s name rejoice and sing :  
While angels on his glory gaze,  
The saints may cry “ Behold our king.”

5 Jesus, thou everlasting king,  
To thee the praise of heav’n belongs :  
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring  
The tribute of our humbler songs.

6 Tho’ sin defile our worship here,  
We hope, ere long thy face to view ;  
In heav’n with angels to appear,  
And praise thy name as angels do,

## HYMN LI.

*“ But who may abide the day of his coming ?*  
MALACHI iii. 2.

THE day of God at length appears,  
But who its terrors may abide :  
It far exceeds the sinner's fears :  
It humbles all the sons of pride.

2 Hark, 'tis the trumpet's awful sound !  
It shakes the pillars of the earth :  
Its mighty voice is heard around :  
O where is now the worldling's mirth !

3 The judge appears ; around his seat  
Ten thousand times ten thousand shine :  
The dead are quicken'd small and great ;  
The living chang'd by pow'r divine.

4 But mark the issue of the day !  
Some are receiv'd with joy to heav'n :  
While others, turn'd with shame way,  
From God and happiness are driv'n.

5 How blest are they—who welcome now  
In him who fills the judgment seat !  
The Saviour whom they lov'd below,  
And long'd with great desire to meet.

6 Their cup is full, their joys abound,  
No wish unsatisfied have they :  
In seeing him their heav'n is found,  
And ev'ry sorrow flies away.

## HYMN LII.

“ For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet of God.” 1 THES. iv. 16.

THE trumpet of God is heard on high;  
 The shout of angels rends the sky:  
 ’Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,  
 Attended by exulting crowds.

- 2 How glorious is the Saviour now,  
 While many crowns adorn his brow:  
 Upon his vesture mark the words—  
 “ The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 3 And now what transport fills their hearts,  
 To whom he thus his will imparts!—  
 “ The kingdom take, your blest reward,  
 “ For you before the world prepar’d.”
- 4 This is the people who on earth  
 Were subjects for the worldling’s mirth;  
 But lo! the Saviour owns their name,  
 And fills their enemies with shame.

## HYMN LIII.

*“ I am the good Shepherd.” JOHN x. 10.*

JESUS the shepherd of the sheep !  
 Thy “ Little flock ” in safety keep !  
 The flock for which thou cam’st from heav’n  
 The flock for which thy life was giv’n !

- 2 Thou saw’st them wand’ring far from thee ;  
 Secure as if from danger free :  
 Thy love did all their wand’rings trace,  
 And brings them to “ A wealthy place.”
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
 And keep them that they never stray ;  
 Cherish the young, sustain the old ;  
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam !  
 And lead them to the living stream :  
 In verdant pastures let them lie,  
 And watch them with a shepherd’s eye.
- 5 O may the sheep discern thy voice,  
 And in its sacred sound rejoice !  
 From strangers may they ever flee,  
 And know no other guide but thee !
- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,  
 And let the number be compleat !  
 Then let thy flock from earth remove,  
 And occupy the fold above.

## HYMN LIV.

*“ Come before his presence with singing.”* PSALM C. 2.

NOW raise a solemn, cheerful strain,  
The noblest, sweetest theme invites ;  
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,  
And in our welfare now delights.

2 'Tis Jesus high upon his throne,  
The praise of all the hosts above ;  
Who rules the universe alone ;  
The God of everlasting love.

3 'Tis Jesus in the form of man,  
And lower than the angels made,  
To execute the gracious plan  
In God's eternal purpose laid.

4 'Tis Jesus hanging on the cross,  
(Mysterious spectacle of woe,)  
For whom we count the world but loss,  
And freely part with all below.

5 'Tis Jesus ris'n from the dead,  
And now in heav'n “ Both Christ and Lord,”  
His people's advocate and head ;  
Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.

6 Ah ! Lord, how feeble is our song !  
How much below thy matchless love ;  
But by thy grace we hope, ere long,  
To raise a nobler strain above.

## HYMN LV.

*“Praise is comely for the upright.”* PSALM xxxiii. 4.

HOW pleasant is the sound of praise !  
It well becomes the saints of God.  
Should they refuse their songs to raise,  
The stones might tell their shame abroad.

2 For him who wash'd you in his blood,  
Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare :  
He sought you wand'ring far from God,  
And now preserves you by his care.

3 Tho' angels may with rapture see  
How mercy flows in streams of blood,  
It is not theirs to prove, as we,  
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

4 While angels praise the heav'nly King,  
And worship him as God alone,  
The saints with exultation sing—  
“ He wears our nature on the throne.”

5 Sweet truth ! it yields unceasing cause  
Of wonder and of praise above ;  
That man, who late accursed was,  
Should be the object of such love.

6 Great King of angels and of saints !  
(Whose matchless glories far outshine  
What eye beholds, or fancy paints,) . . .  
Let everlasting praise be thine !

## HYMN LVI.

“ For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. HEB. xiii. 14.

“ WE’VE no abiding city here,”  
This may distress the worldling’s mind ;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “ We’ve no abiding city here,”  
Sad truth were this to be our home ;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
“ We seek a city yet to come.”

3 “ We’ve no abiding city here ;”  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear ;  
But let us haste from all below.

4 “ We’ve no abiding city here,”  
We seek a city out of sight :  
Zion its name,—the LORD is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion !—JEHOVAH is her strength !  
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
And weary travellers at length,  
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 Thither our course with joy we bend,  
In hopes the sacred place to gain :  
Where toil and pain and sorrow end :  
And peace and love for ever reign.

## HYMN LVII.

*"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh for us, &c."* 2 COR. iv. 11.

YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,  
That leads us to the saint's abode :  
But when our father's home we gain,  
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

2 And though we feel our present grief,  
In hope we find a sweet relief :  
For hope anticipates the day,  
When all our griefs shall pass away.

3 And what is all we suffer now,  
Or all we can endure below,  
To that bright day when Christ shall come,  
And take his weary pilgrims home !

4 Then let us walk, without complaint,  
The thorny road, and never faint ;  
Though now by weariness opprest,  
The end is everlasting rest.

5 And when we gain the saints' abode,  
We'll oft look back upon the road :  
The recollection of the past  
Will sweeten our repose at last.

## HYMN LVIII.

*“ Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.” PSALM iv. 6.*

BLEST intercourse ! when Christians meet,  
And speak of him who died for them :  
They sit at the Redeemer's feet :  
And care not if the world condemn.

2 The world knows nothing of the joys  
That christian fellowship supplies ;  
Enamour'd of their glittering toys,  
Our hope seems nothing in their eyes.

3 But we can witness what we know,  
And speak aloud, nor care who hears :  
Our joys from heav'nly sources flow,  
And would be ill exchang'd for theirs.

4 One day in wisdom's sacred ways,  
Is better than a thousand, spent  
As thoughtless worldlings spend their days,  
From pleasure far, and sweet content.

5 We envy not the great and wise ;  
We count ourselves more blest than they :  
We're taught their honours to despise ;  
And from their joys to turn away.

6 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord ;  
And, who are they who serve him not.  
Then let us hold his faithful word,  
And ours shall be a glorious lot.

## HYMN LIX.

*“ Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.”* MALACHI iii. 16.

WHY should believers, when they meet,  
Not speak of Christ, the king they own,  
Who gives them hope that they shall sit  
With him for ever on his throne ?

2 Is any other name so great  
As his who bore the sinner's load ?

Is any subject half so sweet,  
So various as the love of God ?

3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,  
That makes his opposition cease :  
Beholding love's amazing plan,  
He drops his arms, and sues for peace.

4 'Twas so with us, we once were foes,  
Were foes to him who gave us breath ;  
But he, whose mercy freely flows,  
Has sav'd us from eternal death.

5 We look with hope to that great day,  
When Jesus will with clouds appear :  
A sight of him will well repay  
Our labours and our sorrows here.

6 Of him then let us speak and sing,  
Whose glory we expect to share :  
In heav'n we shall behold our king,  
And yield a nobler tribute there.

## HYMN LX.

*“ Exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.” HEB. x. 25.*

WHILE in the world we still remain,  
We only meet to part again ;  
But when we reach the heav’ly shore,  
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,  
Should chace our present griefs away :  
A few short years of conflict past,  
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve our hours,  
Improve them to a Saviour’s praise ;  
To him with zeal devote our pow’rs,  
And run with joy in wisdom’s ways.
- 4 Let all our meetings now be made  
Subservient to each other’s good :  
For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene’er required to part from those  
With whom the truth unites us here :  
We’ll call to mind the joyful close,  
When Christ the Saviour will appear.
- 6 Then shall his saints all meet again,  
For so his word of promise says :  
With him for ever to remain,  
And sing his everlasting praise.

## HYMN LXI.

“ *Nor foolish talking nor jesting, which are not convenient.*” EPH. v. 4.

ENAMOUR'D of their golden dreams,  
Let worldlings talk on worldly themes :  
This should not be when Christians meet :  
The world should lie beneath their feet.

- 2 And do *they* want a nobler theme,  
Whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem ?  
The love that bore the cross should throw  
A shade on ev'ry thing below.
- 3 The cross !—Its burden, O ! how great :  
No strength but his *could* bear its weight :  
No love but his *would* undertake  
To bear it for the sinner's sake.
- 4 His saints can never want a theme :  
How can they, when they think of him ?  
For love like his, so rich, so strong,  
Is theme enough for endless song.
- 5 Come then, and let us talk of him,  
Who died the sinner to redeem :  
The joyful theme we'll still pursue,  
'Tis sweet, 'tis rich, 'tis ever new.
- 6 Let idle jests be far from us,  
It suits us not to trifle thus :  
We'll leave it to the sons of earth,  
And meet for profit not for mirth.

## HYMN LXII.

“ Where *two or three are met in my name*, there *am I*.  
 MAT. xviii. 20

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
 And seek the presence of our Lord !  
 Dear Saviour on thy people smile,  
 And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
 That we may here converse with thee.  
 Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet !  
 Let this the “ gate of heav’n ” be.

3 “ Chief of ten thousand,” now appear,  
 That we by faith may see thy face !  
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
 And let thy presence fill this place !

4 Lord thou hast cast a pleasant lot  
 For those whom thou hast call’d thine own ;  
 ’Tis true the world esteems them not,  
 But thou wilt place them on thy throne.

5 Then let the worldling boast his joys !  
 We’ve meat to eat he knows not of :  
 We count his treasures worthless toys,  
 While we possess a Saviour’s love.

6 Lord, let thy people’s views be clear,  
 And let their hearts be fill’d with love :  
 O may their light to all appear,  
 And prove their doctrine from above.

## HYMN LXIII.

*" We also believe, and therefore speak."*

2 COR. iv. 13.

ARISE ye saints, arise and tell,  
 The great good news come down from God.  
 Arise, and with devoted zeal,  
 Convey th' intelligence abroad.

2 To sit at ease, would ill become,  
 The people whom the Lord has bless'd :  
 Let those who make the world their home.  
 Be silent, and remain at rest.

3 But let us rise, and speak aloud,  
 And tell the world the things we know :  
 How God the heav'ns in mercy bow'd ;  
 And liv'd a man of grief below.

4 O yes ! the God who reigns above,  
 Was once on earth, a man of grief :  
 Ye nations hear it, " God is love :"  
 And brings a ruin'd world relief.

5 In streams of blood, his mercy flows :  
 The blood of him who bore the cross :  
 Who suffer'd death, and then arose ;  
 And lives to plead the sinners' cause.

6 Now let the idols fall around ;  
 And be the Saviour's name ador'd :  
 His gospel through the world resound :  
 And distant nations call him **Lord**.

## HYMN LXIV.

“ *This do in remembrance of me.*” LUKE xxii. 19

## LORD'S SUPPER.

OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,  
 Who bid us thus remember him,  
 O let us now surround his board,  
 His flesh our food, his love our theme!

2 Sweet feast! here love and union reign,  
 An earnest of the joys above :  
 And, meanest of the Saviour's train,  
 We celebrate his dying love.

3 O may that love by pow'r divine,  
 To all our hearts be now made known ;  
 Dear Saviour on thy people shine !  
 The people thou hast made thine own.

## HYMN LXV.

“ *My flesh is meat indeed.*” JOHN vi. 55.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

IN sacred fellowship we meet,  
 To celebrate our Saviour's death :  
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat :  
 His people feed on him by faith.

2 How blest the people who are his !  
 To them the bread of life is giv'n :  
 How fair, how rich their portion is !  
 They hope to see their Lord in heav'n.

3 Till he appears, his death shall be,  
 Their spring of hope, their theme of joy.  
 And when in heav'n their Lord they see,  
 His praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

## HYMN LXVI.

*In breaking of bread."* ACTS ii. 42.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

OURS is a rich, a royal feast ;  
 Provided by the King of heav'n :  
 How privileg'd are they, and bless'd,  
 To whom the bread of life is giv'n ?

2 We worship him who bore the cross :  
 We glory in his death alone :  
 The world itself appears but loss,  
 To those to whom his name is known.

3 We celebrate the great event,  
 On which our peace and hope depend :  
 And leave an empty world, content  
 To know the Lord, the sinner's friend,

4 The blood he shed, supplies a stream,  
 That washes all our sins away :  
 How precious then, the Lord should seem,  
 Whose death we celebrate to-day ?

5 O that his great, his precious name,  
May charm our hearts from all below !  
Our love become an ardent flame,  
And brighter, purer, daily grow !

## HYMN LXVII.

*“ Beloved, now are we the sons of God.”*  
1 JOHN iii. 2.

WE boast an origin divine ;  
God is our father, heav’n our home :  
In yonder world we hope to shine,  
Where sin and sorrow never come.

2 As Jesus, whom we worship, was :  
'Tis thus we are, and wish to be :  
We glory only in his cross :  
And who on earth so blest as we ?

3 We wait the coming of our Lord ;  
Nor do we wait that day in vain :  
We cannot doubt his faithful word,  
That tells us, he will come again.

4 Come then, dear Lord, O come and take,  
Thy people to their heav’ly home :  
The scorn they suffer for thy sake  
Sweetens the hope of joys to come.

5 They long to see thee as thou art :  
They long to mix with those above :  
To meet where they shall never part,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

## HYMN LXVIII.

*“ And if children, then heirs.” ROM. viii. 17.*

THE mighty God our father is ;  
 We call him thus, though worms of dust :  
 Happy the people who are his  
 And place in him a filial trust.

2 His children's wants are well supplied :  
 Their father gives them angels' food.  
 No favour is by him denied,  
 That granted will promote their good.

3 He saves them from their enemies ;  
 From snares by night, and force by day ;  
 He sees the arrow as it flies :  
 And turns its course another way.

4 He smiles himself ; and with his smile,  
 The bright inheritance is giv'n :  
 What matter if the world revile,  
 When God is pleas'd, and smiles from heav'n.

5 The heirs of heav'n may well forego,  
 The world's applause, nor feel the loss :  
 The gold is theirs, and well they know,  
 The world's applause is worthless dross.

6 The sons of God, by heav'nly birth,  
 A rich inheritance is theirs :  
 For this, the highest throne on earth,  
 To them a place too low appears.

7 Their souls aspire to nobler things,  
 Beyond the world their portion lies :  
 Their father is the King of Kings,  
 And gives them everlasting joys.

## HYMN LXIX.

*“Having made peace, thro’ the blood of his cross.”*  
 COL. i. 20.

OURS is a pardon bought with blood,  
 Amazing truth ! the blood of one,  
 Who without usurpation could,  
 Lay claim to heav’n’s eternal throne.

2 No victim of inferior worth,  
 Could ward the stroke that justice aim’d :  
 For none but he, in heav’n or earth,  
 Could offer that which justice claim’d.

3 But he, the Lord of glory came :  
 On yonder cross he bow’d his head :  
 He suffer’d pain, he suffer’d shame,  
 And lay a pris’ner with the dead.

4 But lo ! he rises from the grave ;  
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name.  
 The Lord, almighty now to save,  
 From sin, from death, from endless shame.

5 Sweet is the pardon thus procur’d ;  
 And precious must the Saviour seem,  
 To those for whom he thus endur’d,  
 The curse that else had fall’n on them.

## HYMN LXX.

*“ He humbled himself.” PHIL. ii. 8.*

THE God of glory dwells on high :  
He rules the armies of the sky :  
Ten thousand thousand round him stand,  
Obedient to their King's command.

2 The God of glory mov'd by love,  
Descends in mercy from above :  
And he before whom angels bow,  
Is found a man of grief below.

3 This love is great, too great for thought ;  
Its length and breadth in vain are sought :  
No tongue can tell its depth and height ;  
The love of God is infinite.

4 But tho' his love no measure knows,  
The Saviour to his people shews :  
Enough to give them joy when known :  
Enough to make their hearts his own.

5 Constrain'd by this, they walk with him,  
His love, their most delightful theme :  
To glorify him here, their aim :  
Their hope, in heav'n to praise his name.

## HYMN LXXI.

“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, &c.” I JOHN iii. 1.

WHAT love is this the Father shews  
To us who once appear'd his foes:  
That spar'd so long, and now forgiv'n,  
We should become the heirs of heav'n?

- 2 Our father is not known on earth;  
And any who derive their birth  
From him, are like himself unknown:  
The world will know and love its own.
- 3 We ask not for the world's applause:  
The world that hates our Master's cause:  
As he was, so we wish to be:  
Not more esteem'd and lov'd than he.
- 4 The sons of God, our title here:  
It does not, cannot yet appear.  
What God our Father will bestow  
On those whom he adopts below.
- 5 But this we know, nor more is giv'n,  
That when the Saviour comes from heav'n,  
They shall be like him, who are his;  
For they shall see him as he is.
- 6 They who from God derive their birth,  
Cannot like others cleave to earth:  
Their hope an influence imparts,  
That warms and purifies their hearts.

## HYMN LXXII.

*“ I will instruct thee, &c.” PSALM XXXII.*

WE come to seek thy counsel Lord ;  
 We know not what we ought to do :  
 O cast a light upon thy word,  
 And bring its meaning to our view.

2 In all things we desire to be,  
 Obedient to our Saviour's voice :  
 To have no other guide but thee,  
 But thee, the master of our choice.

3 This is a privilege indeed ;  
 That thou our gracious Lord, wilt grant  
 In ev'ry time of doubt or need,  
 The help that we thy people want.

4 Though blind to see the perfect way,  
 And slow to chuse it when discern'd :  
 Thou wilt not let thy people stray :  
 This from thy precious word we've learn'd.

5 With confidence we seek thy face :  
 Thy gracious promise, Lord, fulfil ;  
 And grant us light, and grant us grace,  
 To know and do thy perfect will,

## HYMN LXXIII.

*“ Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down  
at the right hand of the throne of God.”*

HEB. xii. 2.

FOR whom is yonder crown prepar'd,  
Of workmanship divine?  
For Jesus is the bright reward :  
For him its glories shine.

- 2 Beneath the earth awhile he lies,  
A pris'ner with the dead :  
A victor soon the Lord will rise,  
And glory wreath his head.
- 3 He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,  
And bow'd beneath its weight ;  
For this he bears the greatest name,  
And gains the highest seat.
- 4 To him shall ev'ry knee be bow'd :  
His claim shall angels own :  
Around the rising victor crowd,  
And bear him to his throne.
- 5 Methinks I see the glorious king  
By hosts angelic crown'd :  
They shout, and heav'n's high arches ring  
With the triumphant sound.

Let saints on earth their tribute bring,  
 And echo back the sound :  
 For he who saves them is the king  
 By hosts angelic crown'd.

## HYMN LXXIV.

*And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lord."*

REV. xix. 16.

WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,  
 Whose sound thro' heaven rings ?  
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."

2 At sight of him, yon seraphs bright  
 Exulting clap their wings ;  
 They hail their Lord with new delight,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."

3 The brightest angel glory boasts,  
 To him his tribute brings,  
 And joins high heav'n's assembled hosts  
 To crown him " King of Kings."

4 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,  
 Forget all earthly things :  
 Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,  
 And crown him " King of Kings,"

5 While heav'n in honour of his name  
 With exultation sings,  
 His saints on earth will own his claim,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."

6 When here, he bore our sin and shame:  
 And thence our comfort springs ;  
 'Tis meet we should exalt his name,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."

7 We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,  
 To tune celestial strings ;  
 And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,  
 To crown him " King of Kings."

## HYMN LXXV.

" *O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise even with my glory.*" PSALM CVII. 1.

A WAKE our souls ! awake our tongues !  
 The subject is divine :  
 A Saviour's love demands our songs :  
 Let all his people join.

2 This Saviour is the mighty God,  
 Who fills the throne above :  
 Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,  
 And thus declar'd his love.

3 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,  
 But this we're given to see ;  
 The soul that feels its pow'r is taught  
 To part with all for thee.

4 And tho' thy love be faintly seen,  
 What's seen demands our praise ;  
 Without this view we still had been  
 Engag'd in folly's ways.

5 But when we lay this flesh aside,  
 And gain the realms of light,  
 Obscuring clouds no more shall hide  
 Thy glory from our sight.

6 Then to the praise of love divine,  
 We'll strike our golden lyres :  
 With heart and voice we'll sweetly join  
 The everlasting choirs.

## HYMN LXXVI.

*"Unto you therefore who believe he is precious."*  
 1 PET. ii. 7.

WE'LL sing of Christ, no matter who  
 Should disapprove the theme :  
 When he is precious in our view,  
 We can't but sing of him.

2 And he is precious in the sight  
 Of all who know his voice.  
 'Twas he who brought them to the light,  
 And taught them to rejoice.

3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,  
 And guards them by his pow'r :  
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
 In ev'ry trying hour.

4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,  
 Beyond the reach of ill :  
 Where all the ransom'd people come ;  
 Where saints for ever dwell.

5 Let glory wreath his blessed head,  
 Who once was crown'd with thorns ;  
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed ;  
 Whom man reviles and scorns.

6 And let his people make their boast  
 Of him, and him alone,  
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost :  
 The praise be his alone.

## HYMN LXXVII.

*“Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.”*  
 PSALM LXXX. 19

LORD we esteem the favour great,  
 And give the praise to thee ;  
 That we can thus together meet,  
 And none to make us flee.

2 But all our meetings barren prove,  
 Except thou shew thy face :  
 Come then dear Saviour from above,  
 And consecrate this place.

3 O let the visits of thy love  
 The purest joys impart !  
 Let all our deadness now remove,  
 And zeal fill ev'ry heart !

1 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,  
 In spite of earth and hell !  
 Thy loving kindness to proclaim,  
 And all thy goodness tell !

5 Lord let thy people's light so shine,  
 That all the world may see,  
 And own its origin divine,  
 And give the praise to thee.

## HYMN LXXVIII.

*"Sing praises unto his name, for it is pleasant."*  
 PSALM CXXXV. 3.

THE Saviour bears a lovely name,  
 Of sacred pow'rs possess'd,  
 It takes away the sinner's shame,  
 And gives his conscience rest.

2 No name on earth is half so great,  
 Howe'er extoll'd by fame ;  
 Nor can celestial tongues repeat  
 A more exalted name.

3 Sweet name ! the sinner's blest relief,  
 His med'cine, food and joy !  
 'Tis help in trouble, ease in grief,  
 'Tis gold without alloy.

4 Jesus, thy name to us is dear,  
 It saves us from our foes :  
 Arm'd with its pow'r, we need not fear,  
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.

5 In many painful conflicts past,  
 Thy name has brought us thro' ;  
 Nor wilt thou give up those at last,  
 Whom thou hast sav'd till now.

6 We hope ere long to see thy face,  
 To join with those above ;  
 And sing in yonder glorious place  
 Thine everlasting love.

## HYMN LXXIX.

*“ Behold he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts.”*  
 MAL. iii. 1.

HE comes ! the Saviour full of grace !  
 By ancient prophets sung ;  
 The smile of mercy in his face,  
 And truth upon his tongue.

2 In him the world no beauty sees ;  
 “ No form nor comeliness,”  
 Rejected and despis'd he is,  
 And plung'd in deep distress.

3 But there's a people taught by grace,  
 To know his matchless worth ;  
 They own him tho' accounted base,  
 And shew his praises forth.

4 They own him as the Lord of all,  
*Their* Saviour, and *their* God.  
 Before his feet they prostrate fall :  
 The purchase of his blood !

5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd ;  
 The world accounts him vile :  
 While sinners by his grace reliev'd  
 Can live but by his smile.

6 To him who bore the sinner's shame,  
 Be endless glory giv'n.  
 Immortal honours crown his name,  
 The Lord of earth and heav'n !

## HYMN LXXX.

*“ But now, O Lord, thou art our Father.”*  
 ISAIAH lxiv. 8.

OUR Father sits on yonder throne,  
 Amidst the hosts above :  
 He reigns throughout the world, alone,  
 He reigns, the God of love.

2 He knew us, when we knew him not :  
 Was with us, tho' unseen :  
 His favour came to us unsought.  
 His love has wondrous been.

3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,  
 (Whatever foe avails)  
 With vigilance that never sleeps ;  
 With pow'r that never fails.

4 He gives us hope, that we shall be,  
 Ere long with him above :  
 That we shall all his glory see ;  
 And celebrate his love.

5 Then let us, while we dwell below,  
 Obey our Father's voice :  
 To all his dispensations bow,  
 And in his name rejoice.

6 How sweet to hear him say at last !  
 “ Ye blessed children come :  
 “ The days of banishment are past !  
 “ Your Father calls you home.”

### HYMN LXXXI.

“ *Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.*” 1 JOHN iii. 16.

ETERNAL honour be to him,  
 Who sav'd us by his blood !  
 His love shall be our joyful theme ;  
 The boundless love of God.

2 But few would die to save a friend,  
 He died to save his foes :  
 His love nor measure has nor end :  
 'Tis such as no man knows.

3 No words can tell its depth and height,  
 No love can equal his ;  
 The love of God is infinite,  
 Like him whose love it is.

4 No sacrifice appear'd too great,  
 The love of God to prove :  
 And thence we learn to estimate :  
 The greatness of his love.

5 Yet all we know is, that his love,  
Exceeds all other far :  
How far, not all the hosts above,  
Are able to declare.

6 But what we know, makes wealth and fame,  
And pleasure seem but loss :  
And renders dear the glorious name,  
Of him who bore the cross.

## HYMN LXXXII.

“ Now *they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.* 1 COR. ix. 25.

LET others labour to possess,  
A temporary fame :  
We cannot be content with less  
Than an immortal name.

2 Not such as mortals can bestow,  
On those whom they extol :  
The brightest honours here below,  
For us are far too small.

3 The honour we desire to have,  
From God alone descends :  
The honour that survives the grave :  
That never, never ends.

4 For ever be his name ador'd,  
Who bids us hope for this !  
Eternal honour to our Lord,  
Who say'd and made us his.

5 Our hope is now, that thro' his love,  
 We shall at last arise ;  
 And from the springs of life above,  
 Drink everlasting joys.

## HYMN LXXXIII.

*“ If ye love me, keep my commandments.”*  
 JOHN xiv. 15.

LORD, let the people of thy love,  
 Be zealous in thy cause :  
 In ev'ry instance let them prove,  
 Obedient to thy laws.

2 The people thou hast made thine own,  
 Should listen to thy voice :  
 Should look to thee, and thee alone ;  
 And in thy will rejoice.

3 'Tis thus they glorify thy name,  
 And prove their origin :  
 'Tis thus they put their foes to shame,  
 And silence foolish men.

4 O ! teach us, Lord, to walk with thee.  
 To walk with thee in white :  
 Unspotted from the world to be,  
 And pleasing in thy sight.

5 Let all our walk directed be,  
 By thine unerring word :  
 'Tis meet that we should live to thee,  
 Our Saviour and our Lord.

## HYMN LXXXIV.

*“Doubtless thou art our Father.” ISAIAH lxiii. 16.*

THE God who reigns above, we call  
 Our Father and our Friend :  
 And, blessed thought! his children all,  
 Shall see him in the end.

2 His family, tho' now dispers'd,  
 Shall meet when life is past :  
 Who now are last shall then be first :  
 The first shall then be last.

3 Though now despis'd, the day will come,  
 When he who made them his,  
 Will take them hence, and bear them home,  
 To see him as he is.

4 Though now unknown, they soon shall be,  
 The sons of God confess'd :  
 And they who scorn them then shall see,  
 That they alone are blest.

5 But let his children while on earth  
 With foes and strangers mix'd ;  
 Be mindful of their royal birth :  
 Their thoughts on glory fix'd.

6 That they should glorify him here,  
 Their Father's purpose is.  
 And when at last he shall appear,  
 He will confess them his.

## PSALM LXXXV.

*“ Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.” JOHN xx. 20.*

COME let us all rejoice to-day :

The day the Saviour rose :  
And sent confusion and dismay,  
Amidst his vanquish'd foes.

2 His people's fears unfounded prov'd,  
(For much his people fear'd.)  
And all their doubts were straight remov'd,  
When he again appear'd.

3 Their joy was great ; 'twas greater then,  
Than had they felt no dread :  
To see their Master's face again,  
Was joy, 'twas joy indeed.

4 If we are his, and hear his voice,  
As they did, so we do :  
We think like them, like them rejoice :  
Like them we suffer too.

5 Like them too we shall see a day,  
When grief and labour end :  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
And Jesus shall descend.

6 Descend and bear his people hence,  
To dwell with him above .  
Where they shall see his face, and whence  
They never shall remove.

## HYMN LXXXVI.

*“ And ye are not your own.” I COR. vi. 19.*

WE’LL sing the praise of him, who gave  
 His precious life for us,  
 ’Twas wonderful at all to save ;  
 But more to do it thus.

2 How awful must our state have been  
 When nothing but his blood  
 Who gave us life, could make us clean,  
 And bring us back to God.

3 The more he suffer’d for our sake,  
 The more his kindness is :  
 But O ! what poor returns we make,  
 For grace and love like his ?

4 He might expect that we would give  
 Our hearts to him alone :  
 And, bought with blood, that we would live  
 As his, and not our own.

5 But we, alas ! too oft forget  
 How great his kindness is :  
 And though redeem’d, we wander yet,  
 From him who made us his.

6 For this our hearts are cold and dead :  
 For this our eyes are dim :  
 The crown is fallen from our head,  
 Because we stray from him.

7 Lord we confess eur shame, and mourn,  
 That we have prov'd so base :  
 To thee again, to thee we turn :  
 O ! save us by thy grace.

HYMN LXXXVII.

*“ The Lord is risen indeed.” LUKE xxiv. 34.*

“ THE Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
 And are the tidings true ?  
 Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
 And saw him living too.

2 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
 Then justice asks no more ;  
 Mercy and truth are now agreed,  
 Who stood oppos'd before.

3 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
 Then is his work perform'd ;  
 The captive surety now is freed,  
 And death our foe, disarm'd.

4 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
 Then hell has lost his prey :  
 With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,  
 To reign in endless day.

5 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
 He lives to die no more :  
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead,  
 Whose curse and shame he bore.

6 " The Lord is ris'n indeed."  
 Attending angels hear ;  
 Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,  
 The joyful tidings bear.

7 Then take your golden lyres,  
 And strike each cheerful chord,  
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
 To sing our ris'n Lord.

### HYMN LXXXVIII.

" *He teacheth my hands to war.*" PSALM xviii. 24.

ARISE, ye saints, arise :  
 The Lord our leader is :  
 The foe before his banner flies :  
 For victory is his.

2 Behold ! he leads the way :  
 We'll follow where he goes :  
 We cannot fail to win the day,  
 Since he subdues our foes.

3 Lead on, Almighty Lord :  
 Lead on to victory :  
 Encourag'd by the bright reward,  
 With joy we'll follow thee.

4 We'll follow thee our guide,  
 Our Saviour and our King :  
 We'll follow thee, through grace supplied  
 From heav'n's eternal spring.

5 We hope to see the day  
 When all our toils shall cease :  
 When we shall cast our arms away,  
 And dwell in endless peace.

6 This hope supports us here ;  
 It makes our burdens light :  
 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
 Till faith shall end in sight.

7 Till of the prize possess'd,  
 We hear of war no more ;  
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest  
 On yonder peaceful shore.

## HYMN LXXXIX.

*“ For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.” HEB. xi. 4.*

FROM Egypt lately come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek our new, our better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.  
 Hallelujah !  
 We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
 We haste with songs of joy ;  
 Where peace and liberty are found,  
 And sweets that never cloy.  
 Hallelujah ! — &c. &c. &c.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er :  
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
 And never hunger more.  
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

4 There, in celestial strains,  
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;  
 There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,  
 For God himself is King.  
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,  
 Their pleasures we shall share ;  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With all the ransom'd there.  
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

6 How sweet the prospect is!  
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :  
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,  
 But soon shall gain our rest.  
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

#### HYMN XC.

“ *These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.*” PSALM cvii. 24.

WE'RE bound for yonder land,  
 Where Jesus reigns supreme :  
 We leave the shore at his command ;  
 Forsaking all for him.

2 'Twere easy, did we chuse,  
 Again to reach the shore :  
 But this is what our souls refuse ;  
 We'll never touch it more.

3 We know the state of those  
 Who still continue there ;  
 And fly that we may shun the woes  
 That else our portion were.

4 The perils of the sea,  
 The rocks, the waves, the wind,  
 Are small, whatever they may be,  
 To those we leave behind.

5 Nor have we cause to fear :  
 The God who rules the sea,  
 In ev'ry danger will be near,  
 And our protector be.

6 The Lord himself will keep  
 His people safe from harm :  
 Will hold the helm, and guide the ship  
 With his almighty arm.

7 Then let the tempests roar ;  
 The billows heave and swell ;  
 We trust to reach the peaceful shore,  
 Where all the ransom'd dwell.

8 And when we gain the land,  
 How happy shall we be ?  
 How shall we bless the mighty hand  
 That led us through the sea ?

## HYMN XCI.

“ *This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.* ” PSALM cxviii. 24.

ANOTHER week begins :

The day we call, the Lord’s :  
This day he rose, who bore our sins :  
For so his word records.

2 Hark how the angels sing !

Their voices fill the sky :  
They hail their great victorious King,  
And welcome him on high.

3 We’ll catch the note of praise :

Their joys in part we feel :  
With them our thankful song we’ll raise,  
And emulate their zeal.

4 We cannot sing too loud,

Whom God has deign’d to call :  
To other gods we lately bow’d ;  
But he has pardon’d all.

5 Come then ye saints and sing,

Of Christ our risen Lord :  
Of Christ the everlasting King ;  
Of Christ th’ incarnate word.

6 This is the sacred theme,

On which the angels dwell :  
How pleasant should the subject seem,  
To sinners sav’d from hell !

7 Hail, mighty Saviour hail !  
 Who fill'st the throne above ;  
 Till heart and flesh together fail,  
 We'll sing thy matchless love.

8 And when these tongues no more  
 On any theme can move :  
 We hope to sing thy love and pow'r  
 With other tongues above.

## HYMN XCII.

“ *Sing praises unto our King, sing praises !* ”  
 PSALM xlvii. 6.

GLORY, glory to our King !  
 Crowns unfading wreath his head !  
 Jesus is the name we sing ;  
 Jesus risen from the dead ;  
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave :  
 Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Angels come to meet their King ;  
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,  
 While the victor's praise they sing :  
 “ Open now, ye heav'nly gates !  
 “ 'Tis the King of glory waits.

3 Now behold him high enthron'd !  
 Glory beaming from his face !  
 By adoring angels own'd,  
 God of holiness and grace !  
 O for hearts and tongues to sing  
 “ Glory, glory to our King ! ”

4 Jesus, on thy people shine !

Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !  
 That with angels we may join,  
 Share their bliss and swell their songs.  
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,  
 Lord, be thine for evermore !

HYMN XCIII.

*When the disciples came together to break bread."*

ACTS XX. 7.

LORD'S SUPPER.

MEETING in the Saviour's name :

“ Breaking bread ” by his command :  
 To the world, we thus proclaim,  
 On what ground we hope to stand ;  
 When the Lord shall come with clouds ;  
 Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

2 From the cross, our hope we draw :

‘Tis the sinner's blest resource :  
 Jesus magnified the Law :  
 Jesus bore its awful curse :  
 What a joyful truth is this !  
 O how full of hope it is !

Jesus died, and then arose :

Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns :  
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes :  
 Jesus led them all in chains :  
 His the triumph, and the crown :  
 His the glory, and renown.

4 Sing we then of him who died :  
 Sing of him, who rose again :  
 By his blood we're justified,  
 And with him, we hope to reign :  
 Yes, we hope to see our Lord ;  
 And to share his bright reward.

## HYMN XCIV.

*“Worthy is the Lamb.”* REV. v. 12.

HARK, the notes of angels singing—  
 “ Glory, glory to the Lamb ! ”  
 All in heav’n their tribute bringing,  
 Raising high the Saviour’s name.

2 Ye for whom his life is given,  
 Sacred themes to you belong :  
 Come assist the choir of heaven ;  
 Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,  
 Songs imperfect still must raise ;  
 Tho’ despis’d on earth, and slighted,  
 Jesus is above all praise.

4 See th’ angelic hosts have crown’d him,  
 Jesus fills the throne on high :  
 Countless myriads, hov’ring round him,  
 With his praises rend the sky.

5 Fill’d with holy emulation,  
 Let us vie with those above :  
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation !  
 Fruit of everlasting love.

6 Endless life in him possessing,  
 Let us praise his precious name :  
 Glory, honour, power and blessing,  
 Be for ever to the Lamb.

## HYMN XCV.

*“ For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation.”* PSALM CXXXII. 13.

ZION is Jehovah's dwelling ;  
 There “ The King of Kings” appears :  
 Her's is glory far excelling  
 All the worldling sees or hears.  
 Zion's walls are everlasting :  
 Form'd thro' endless years to shine :  
 Strength and beauty never-wasting,  
 Shew their origin divine.

2 Zion claims peculiar honour :  
 High distinction marks her lot :  
 Light eternal shines upon her ;  
 Here's a sun that faileth not.  
 Zion's city hath foundations ;  
 God himself hath rais'd her walls :  
 She survives the wreck of nations ;  
 Zion stands whatever falls.

3 Happy they who now discerning  
 Zion's glory, thither move !  
 Earth with all its honours spurning ;  
 Zion is the place they love.  
 There the Lord his face disclosing,  
 Fills his people's hearts with joy :  
 While, from all their toils reposing,  
 Bliss is theirs without alloy.

4 Brethren, let the prospect cheer us :  
 Fair the lot that's cast for us.  
 When we call, our God will hear us ;  
 Happy who are favour'd thus ;  
 Let the timid fear no longer :  
 What tho' earth and hell oppose !  
 He who pleads our cause is stronger,  
 Stronger far than all our foes.

### HYMN XCVI.

“ *Let all that are round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.* ” PSALM lxvi. 11.

SINNERS we, but sinners saved,  
 (Praise to sov'reign grace alone !)  
 Now approach thee, Son of David,  
 Thee who fill'st the heav'ly throne.  
 When we turn our eyes around us,  
 Thousands perishing we see ;  
 Thou who brak'st the chains that bound us,  
 Set our friends and neighbours free.

2 Tho' we can't but fear for many :  
 So unthinking they appear :  
 Why should we despair of any,  
 While we know what once *we* were ?  
 Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,  
 Thou hast set thy servants free :  
 Sure there's none can greater debtors  
 Be to sov'reign grace than *we*.

3 What thou hast for us effected,  
 Shews us what thy pow'r can do :  
 We whom grace has thus selected,  
 Would have others saved too.  
 Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,  
 Let them see their fearful state :  
 Lest their souls be snar'd and taken ;  
 And they mourn at length too late.

4 Grant thy people too a blessing,  
 Lord revive thy work in them :  
 Peace and joy in thee possessing,  
 Let them glorify thy name.  
 Still of thee their Master learning,  
 Let them grow in mutual love ;  
 And the world, their grace discerning,  
 Own the power from above.

## HYMN XCVII.

“ *For the Gospel is preached unto us.*” HEB. iv. 2

PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour,  
 Heav’ly truth has reach’d our ears !  
 May its sweet reviving savour  
 Fill our hearts, and calm our fears !  
 TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure !  
 Teach us Lord, its worth to know !  
 Vain’s the hope, and short the pleasure,  
 Which from other sources flow.

2 What of truth we’ve now been hearing,  
 Lord to ev’ry heart apply !  
 In the day of thine appearing,  
 May we share thy people’s joy !  
 Till thou take us hence for ever,  
 Saviour guide us with thine eye ;  
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,  
 Thine to live, and thine to die !

## HYMN XCIII.

*I will instruct thee and teach thee."* PSALM XXXII. 8.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,  
 While we worship at thy throne ;  
 Teach our souls important lessons :  
 Lessons learn'd of thee alone—  
 While we pray, and sing and hear,  
 In the midst do thou appear :  
 Sin reproving ;  
 Fear removing.  
 Light to all our minds impart ;  
 Love convey to every heart.

## HYMN XCIX.

" *And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life."* JOHN XXIV. 31.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

LET the world their joy partaking,  
 Boast how excellent they prove !  
 In the bread we've now been breaking,  
 We have meat they know not of.  
 Jesus is the living bread :  
 'Tis by this his friends are fed.  
 Saints adore him.  
 Bow before him.  
 Join the kindred hosts on high :  
 Let his praise fill earth and sky.

## HYMN C.

*“ Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.”*

PSALM XC. 10.

GOD of Isra'l we adore thee !  
 Thou hast kept us thro' the day ;  
 Thus preserv'd we come before thee,  
 Our's the new and living way !  
 Safely keep us thro' the night ;  
 Guard us till the morning light ;  
 Nor forsake us ;  
 'Till thou take us,  
 Far from earth to dwell with thee,  
 Thro' a bright eternity.

## HYMN CI.

*“ Shew me a token for good.”* PSALM LXXXVI. 17.

OF thy love, some gracious token,  
 Grant us, Lord, before we go ;  
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,  
 Life and peace on all bestow ;  
 When we join the world again,  
 Let our hearts with thee remain !  
 O direct us,  
 And protect us !  
 Till we gain the heav'nly shore,  
 Where thy people want no more.

## HYMN CII.

*Sing aloud unto God our strength."* PSALM lxxxii. 1.

SING aloud to God, our strength,  
 He has brought us hitherto :  
 He will bring us home at length :  
 This the Lord our God will do.  
 Doubt not, for his word is stable :  
 Fear not, for his arm is able.

2 Sing aloud to God, our strength :  
 Sing with wonder of his love :  
 Who can tell its breadth and length ?  
 Who below, or who above ?  
 Who its depth and height can measure ?  
 'Tis rich unbounded treasure !

3 Sing aloud to God our strength :  
 He is with us where we go :  
 Fear we not the journey's length :  
 Fear we not the mighty foe :  
 All our foes shall be defeated ;  
 And our journey be completed.

## HYMN CIII.

“ *Then thou shalt say in thine heart, who hath begotten me these.*” ISAIAH xlix. 21.

“ GIVE us room that we may dwell ”  
 Zion’s children cry aloud :  
 See their numbers how they swell ,  
 How they gather like a cloud :  
 Go and tell the joyful story :  
 ’Tis the day of Zion’s glory .

2 O how bright the morning seems !  
 Brighter from so dark a night :  
 Zion is like one that dreams ,  
 Fill’d with wonder and delight :  
 Zion’s night of grief is ended :  
 Zion of her God befriended .

3 Zion now arise and shine ;  
 Lo ! thy light from heav’n is come :  
 These that crowd from far are thine ;  
 Give thy sons and daughters room :  
 Sorrow from thy cup is taken :  
 Thou shalt be no more forsaken .

4 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more ;  
 God himself will be thy light :  
 All that caus’d thee grief before ,  
 Buried lies in endless night .  
 Earthly pomp is short and wasting ;  
 Thine is glory everlasting .

## HYMN CIV.

*Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem."*

EZRA i. 3.

SONS of Zion, haste away :  
 'Tis the acceptable day :  
 'Tis the day expected long :  
 Burden of prophetic song :  
 Thus the mighty God has spoken :  
 Haste away, your chains are broken.

2 From the willows where they hung,  
 Long neglected and unstrung ;  
 Take your harps again and sing ;  
 Sound the praise of Zion's King :  
 Sing, for Zion's sons have reason :  
 'Tis a joyful glorious season.

3 Come to Zion, haste away :  
 Here you need no longer stay :  
 Days of liberty are come :  
 God recalls his exiles home :  
 Joyful times the Lord is bringing :  
 Come to Zion, come with singing.

4 Leave your sorrows all behind :  
 Give them, give them to the wind :  
 Sacred pleasures now invite :  
 'Tis the season of delight.  
 Bid adieu to grief for ever :  
 Your's are pleasures ending never.

## HYMN CV.

*“ We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him..”* MATTHEW ii. 2.

HARK! what sounds salute our ears,  
Christ the Lord at length appears:  
“ Unto us a son is giv’n :”  
Angels bring the news from heav’n.

- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,  
Glory be to God our King!  
“ Unto us a child is born,”  
Zion is no more forlorn.
- 3 Who are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob’s rising star?  
Lo, they gather like a cloud;  
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.
- 4 Strangers these, to Zion come,  
There to seek a peaceful home.  
Zion wonders at the sight:  
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 5 Zion now no more shall sigh;  
God will raise her glory high:  
He will send a large increase:  
He will give her people peace.
- 6 Sons of Zion, sing aloud;  
See her sky without a cloud:  
God will make her joy compleat:  
Zion’s sun shall never set.

## HYMN CVI.

"*I am he that liveth and was dead.*" REV. i. 13.

CROWNS of glory ever bright,  
Rest upon the victor's head :  
Crowns of glory are his right,  
His, "Who liveth and was dead."

2 Jesus fought and won the day :  
Such a day was never fought :  
Well his people now may say,  
See what God, our God has wrought,

3 He subdued the pow'rs of hell ;  
In the fight he stood alone.  
All his foes before him fell,  
By his single arm o'erthrown.

4 They have fall'n to rise no more :  
Final is the foe's defeat :  
Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,  
And his triumph is compleat.

5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;  
His the honours of the day ;  
His the glory and the spoil :  
Jesus bears them all away !

6 Now proclaim his deeds afar :  
Fill the world with his renown :  
His alone the victor's car :  
His the everlasting crown.

## HYMN CVII.

“ *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.*”  
REV. xix. 16.

“ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!”  
These are great and awful words ;  
'Tis to Jesus they belong :  
Let his people raise their song.

2 Hark, how angels sound his praise !  
Fill'd with transport while they gaze :  
Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,  
These are thine for evermore.

3 Crown him then whom angels sing !  
Crown him everlasting King !  
Jesus fills the throne above,  
Jesus is the God of love.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord !  
Heav'n and earth thy name record :  
Pow'r and praise to thee belong,  
Lord, accept our feeble song.

5 Rich in glory thou didst stoop :  
This is now thy people's hope :  
Thou wast poor, that they might be  
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

6 When we think of love like this,  
Joy and shame our hearts possess :  
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus ;  
Shame, for such returns from us.

7 Yet we hope the day to see,  
 When we shall from earth be free ;  
 Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,  
 There to praise thee as we ought.

8 While we still continue here,  
 Let this hope our spirits cheer,  
 Till in heav'n thy face we see,  
 Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

## HYMN CVIII.

*“ God our Saviour !” TITUS iii. 4.*

LO, the infant Saviour lies !  
 Angels call him only wise ;  
 To his name they join the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar !  
 Most despis'd of all by far ;  
 Still to him belong the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

3 He who wears the crown of thorns,  
 He whom man reviles and scorns,  
 Claims exclusively the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

4 On the cross 'tis still the same ;  
 Never does he yield his claim :  
 Clear his title to the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

5 Past the conflict of his love ;  
 See, he takes his place above !  
 On his vesture shine the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

6 O, ye bright seraphic choirs,  
 Strike anew your golden lyres !  
 While ye gaze, proclaim the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

7 Join, ye saints, with heav’n agree,  
 Let the name of Jesus be  
 Still united to the words,  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

## HYMN "CIX.

“ *Who is the King of Glory?* ” PSALM XXIV. 2.

YE, who dwell in heav’n, declare  
 Who “ the King of Glory ” is ?  
 Who is first and highest there ?  
 His the pow’r, the kingdom his ?

2 ’Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,  
 Claims the title justly his :  
 He it is that fills the throne :  
 He “ The King of Glory ” is.

3 Blessed news ! the Lamb is King :  
 Glorious truth ! he reigns alone :  
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,  
 Bow before the Saviour’s throne.

4 Let the world deride his claim :  
 Let the world refuse to bow :  
 Angels triumph in his name :  
 All in heav'n adore him now.

5 Jesus hail ! whom angels sing ;  
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;  
 Reign for ever, glorious King ;  
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

## HYMN CX.

*For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout.” 1 THES. iv. 16.*

HARK ! that shout of rapt'rous joy,  
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud :  
 Jesus comes, and thro' the sky,  
 Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Now the world's duration ends :  
 Now the Lord will meet his foes :  
 These shall perish, but his friends,  
 Shall in heav'n obtain repose,

3 Hark, the trumpet's awful voice  
 Sounds abroad thro' sea and land ;  
 Let his people now rejoice.  
 Their redemption is at hand.

4 See ! the Lord appears in view :  
 Heav'n and earth before him fly :  
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you :  
 Rise to meet him in the sky.

5 Go, and dwell with him above,  
 Where no foe can e'er molest;  
 Happy in the Saviour's love!  
 Blessing, and for ever blest.

## HYMN CXI.

“ *And the truth shall make you free.*” JOHN viii. 32.

WELCOME news the gospel brings:  
 Welcome news from heav'n above:  
 Tidings from the King of Kings:  
 Tidings full of grace and love!

2 O, ye sons of men give ear!  
 Listen to “ The joyful sound;”  
 Better news ye cannot hear:  
 In the gospel truth is found.

3 Truth, that makes the simple wise:  
 Truth on which the hungry feed:  
 Truth, the minister of joys:  
 Truth that makes us free indeed.

4 Welcome news the gospel brings:  
 Welcome to the poor and vile:  
 Gladden'd by these glorious things,  
 Guilt and poverty may smile.

## HYMN CXII.

*“ To turn them from darkness to light.”*  
ACTS xxvi 18.

BOUNLESS glory, Lord, be thine!  
Thou hast made the darkness shine:  
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;  
Thou hast turn'd our night to day.

2 Hither is the gospel come;  
'Tis “ the pow'r of God ” to some:  
O let such in praise unite,  
To the Lord that gives them light.

3 Darkness long involv'd us round:  
Till we knew “ the joyful sound : ”  
Then our darkness fled away,  
Chas'd by truth's celestial ray.

4 *They* are bless'd, and none beside;  
They who in the truth abide;  
Clear the light that marks their way,  
Leading to eternal day.

5 Ye who walk this heav'nly road,  
Hasting to the saints' abode:  
See how bright it shines above!  
There appears the God of love.

6 Soon your stronger sight will bear,  
To behold that glory near;  
Light that now would but destroy,  
*Then* will yield sublimest joy.

## HYMN CXIII.

*“ Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord.” 2 COR. vi. 17.*

LORD behold us few and weak,  
Humbly at thy feet we fall.  
See we come thy face to seek :  
Deign, O deign to hear our call.

2 When we lay in sin and death,  
Thou didst pass and bid us live ;  
Thou didst give thy people faith :  
Thou didst all our sin forgive.

3 Jesus thou didst shed thy blood :  
On this rock our hope we raise.  
Thou hast brought us nigh to God :  
Thine the work and thine the praise.

4 'Tis thy will that we should be  
Separate from all around ;  
Let our will with thine agree :  
Let thy people thus be found.

5 Teach us Lord to walk with thee ;  
Teach us to adorn thy cause.  
Let us live in unity :  
Hating pride and self-applause !

6 Let us bear each other's load !  
Faithful to each other prove !  
Till we gain the saints' abode ;  
Till we take our place above.

2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,  
 Comes to claim his great reward :  
 Angels round the victor hover,  
 Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 O what honours now await him !  
 Friends and foes shall hear his voice,  
 Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;  
 Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4 Yonder throne for him erected,  
 Now becomes the victor's seat :  
 Lo, the man on earth rejected !  
 Angels worship at his feet.

5 Day and night they cry before him,  
 " Holy, holy, holy Lord !"  
 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him :  
 All obey his sov'reign word.

*Chorus*—Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,  
 And crown him everlasting King.

HYMN CXVII.

" *Worthy is the Lamb.*" REV. v. 12.

YE saints, come and join in the praise of the Lamb,  
 The theme inexhausted of angels above :  
 They dwell with delight on the sound of his name ;  
 And gaze on his glory with rapture and love.

2 See, see to what honours the Saviour is rais'd ;  
 He sits on a throne, 'tis the throne of the sky :  
 Come let us adore him who ought to be prais'd,  
 And learn with the angels in glory to vie.

3 They sing of the Lamb who to save us was slain :  
 We'll take up the theme which we cannot improve ;  
 And "Worthy the Lamb" cry again and again,  
 Till our hearts are inflam'd with the fire of his love.

4 All glory to Jesus, who sits on the throne :  
 Let angels and saints spread the sound of his fame  
 We bow to the Lamb, who is worthy alone :  
 And give him the praise that belongs to his name.

## HYMN CXVIII.

*"For all things are yours."* 2 COR. iii. 21.

EV'RY good possessing,  
 In our Saviour's blessing,  
 Let us live to celebrate his grace !

2 Mean the worldling's treasure !  
 Short his boasted pleasure !  
 They alone are blest who know the Lord.

3 Sweet the scene before us !  
 We shall join the chorus,  
 Of the saints and angels round his throne.

7 There to see without a cloud ;  
 There without fatigue to sing ;  
 Mix with heav'n's triumphant crowd,  
 And for ever praise our King.

## HYMN CXIV.

*“ And he shall give you another comforter—even the spirit of truth.” JOHN xiv. 16.*

JESUS is gone up on high :  
 But his promise still is here,  
 “ He will all our wants supply ;  
 “ He will send the comforter.

2 Let us now his promise plead,  
 Let us to his throne draw nigh :  
 Jesus knows his people's need :  
 Jesus hears his people's cry.

3 Who can boast a lot like theirs  
 Whom the Lord vouchsafes to own ?  
 Jesus listens to their prayers :  
 What they ask in faith is done.

4 Send us, Lord, the comforter ;  
 Pledge and witness of thy love :  
 Dwelling with thy people here :  
 Leading them to joys above.

5 Till we reach the promis'd rest ;  
 Till thy face unveil'd we see :  
 Of this blessed hope possess'd,  
 Teach us Lord to live to thee.

## HYMN CXV.

“Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, &c.” LUKE ii. 10.

ANGELIC messenger, repeat  
Those joyful sounds once more ;  
For sure no accents half so sweet  
E'er reach'd our ears before.

2 “ Glad tidings from heaven I bring,  
Glad tidings to all upon earth.  
“ This day is Christ born to be king,  
“ And Bethl’hem’s the place of his birth.”

3 Sounds seraphic fill the air,  
Angel bands assemble there :  
Heav’n itself, come down on earth,  
Celebrates the Saviour’s birth.

*Chorus*—“ Glory to God on high be giv’n ;  
“ And on earth peace, good-will from heav’n.”

## HYMN CXVI.

“ Death is swallowed up in victory.” I COR. xv. 54.

HARK ten thousand voices cry  
Vict’ry, vict’ry thro’ the sky !  
Swiftly flies the welcome sound ;  
Spreading rapt’rous joys around.

4 Let the prospect cheer us :  
Here our Saviour's near us :  
But in heav'n we see him as he is.

5 Till we reach our station,  
Let his great salvation,  
Be the glorious subject of our songs !

## HYMN CXIX.

*"Kept by the power of God."* 1 PET. i. 5.

SPAR'D a little longer,  
May our souls grow stronger  
To maintain the arduous fight of faith.

2 Many foes surround us,  
Hoping to confound us ;  
But the Lord himself is our defence.

3 We have hearts deceitful,  
And of truth forgetful ;  
Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.

4 Pilgrims here, and strangers,  
Who can tell our dangers ?  
But our Lord will save us from them all.

5 He has dearly bought us ;  
Hitherto has brought us :  
And will lead us to himself at last.

6 By his eye directed ;  
By his arm protected ;  
We shall gain the presence of our God

## HYMN CXX.

*“ O give thanks unto the Lord.”* PSALM CXXXVI. 1

OF Jesus we'll sing ;  
 The Saviour and King,  
 Of all who on earth are redeem'd.  
 No name is so great ;  
 No name is so sweet ;  
 However by men disesteem'd,

2 How high was his seat ?  
 His glory how great ?  
 When sitting on yonder bright throne.  
 The object above,  
 Of wonder and love ;  
 The object of worship alone.

3 But see from his place,  
 In infinite grace  
 He comes and appears here below :  
 He leaves all his store,  
 And stoops to be poor :  
 Submitting to want and to woe.

4 No love is like his ;  
 Unequall'd it is :  
 By that of a mother or friend.  
 What tongue cannot teach :  
 What thought cannot reach :  
 'Tis love without measure or end,

5 To Jesus alone,  
 Who sits on the throne,  
 Be glory, dominion, and pow'r;  
 To Jesus be giv'n,  
 All honour in heav'n,  
 By angels and saints evermore,

## HYMN CXXI.

*“The trumpet shall sound.” 1 COR. xv. 52.*

THE trumpet shall sound,  
 And fill the world round;  
 From shore it shall echo to shore:  
 The angel shall stand,  
 With uplifted hand,  
 Proclaiming that time is no more.

2 And now shall the tomb,  
 Discharge from its womb,  
 The load it no more can contain:  
 The earth and the sea,  
 The call shall obey,  
 And give up their myriads of slain.

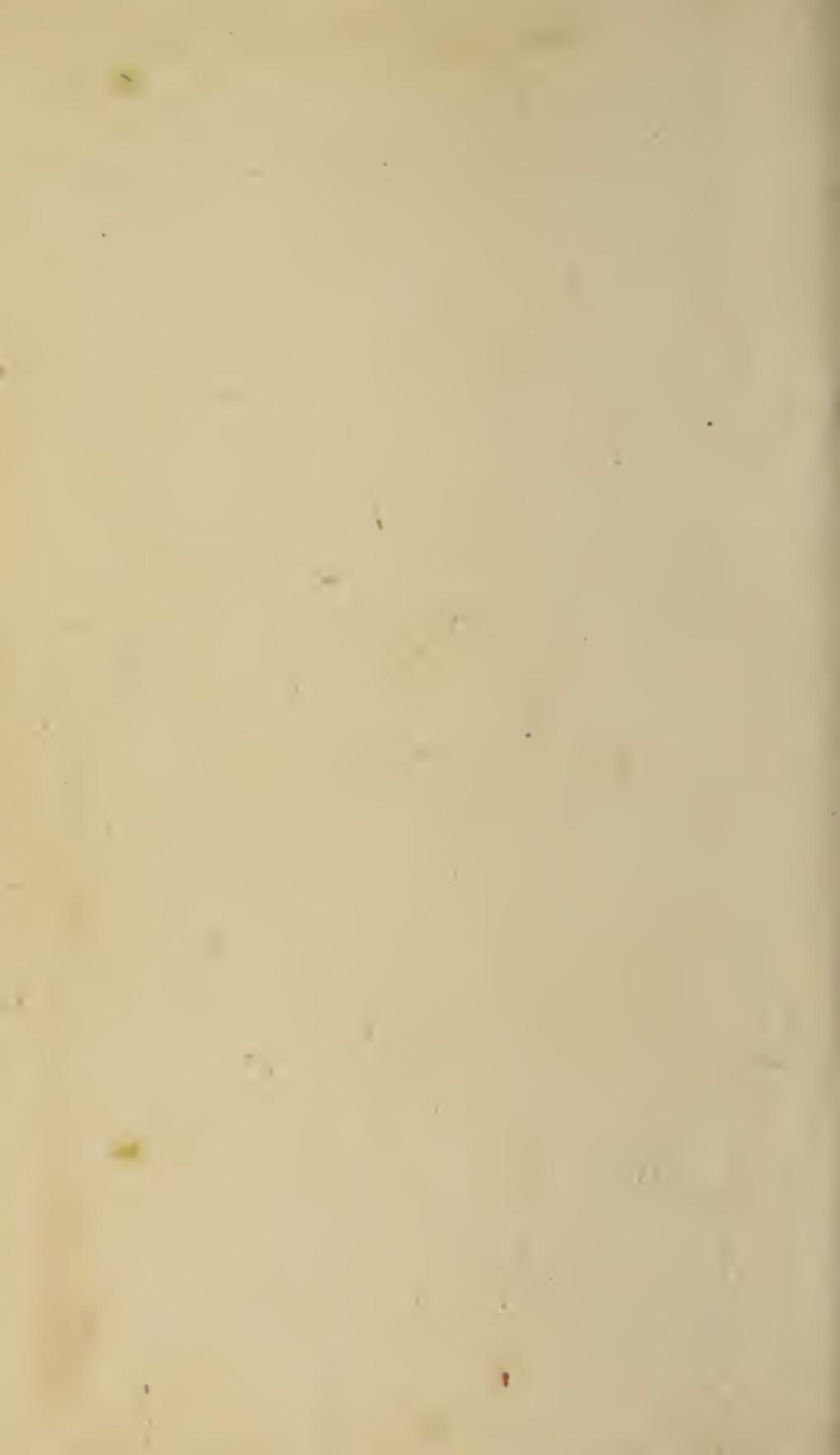
3 The Saviour with crowds,  
 Shall come in the clouds,  
 His glory to all shall appear.  
 All power is giv'n,  
 In earth and in heav'n,  
 To him who was crucified here.

4 Then joy to the saints !  
Whatever complaints,  
Attend on their state here below :  
They all in that day,  
Shall vanish away :  
No more shall their tears ever flow.

5 Their Lord they shall see ;  
With him they shall be :  
With him in his kingdom above.  
For ever to gaze :  
For ever to praise :  
For ever to sing of his love.

FINIS.





My notes  
5-11-90  
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